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MARGARET BRAIDWOOD: The depth for character. (Page 4)

The Front Page

The lack of guns and barbed wire along the border between the United States and Canada makes a fine talking point for public speakers, and the ease with which travellers can move from one country to the other seems to persuade many Americans and Canadians that the border is little more than an artificial barrier, a line drawn on a map. But however lightly drawn the line may be socially and militarily, it is a black and menacing thing to those people who always fear the worst from a neighbor.

It was this sort of fear that led the U.S. Federal Power Commission a few weeks ago to decide against the importing of natural gas from Canada's Peace River district by states in the Pacific Northwest. The Commission's decision was based on this opinion: "All control over the production, allocation and transportation to our border . . . would be in the hands of agencies of foreign governments, whose primary interest would of necessity always be in the needs and advantages of their own people, and whose judgments and actions would be essentially dependent upon public opinion within that country, rather

A FLAG FOR CANADA
By Sean O'Casey: Page 7

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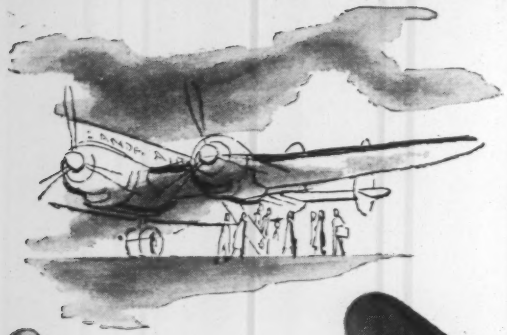

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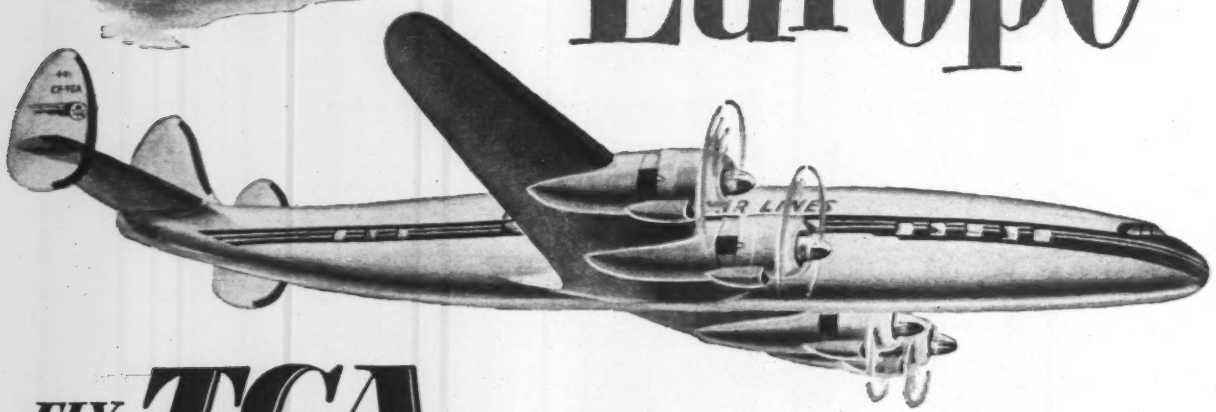

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

than upon the interests of American consumers." That opinion has a familiar sound; it was expressed often enough when the Canadian Government decided that an all-Canadian pipeline should be built to carry natural gas from Alberta to Ontario.

After the FPC turned down the Peace River proposal, Premier E. C. Manning of Alberta expressed his "keen disappointment", and was quoted as saying, "Barriers between neighbors are built up by economic nationalism". The reverse is also true: economic nationalism builds up barriers—and the Canadian and American thinking about the sources of natural gas shows how quickly they can be built along a supposedly friendly and unguarded border.

Any encouragement of the narrow nationalists on both sides of the border can only lead to trouble. Suppose, for instance, that the same kind of thinking that has governed the disposal of natural gas were applied to the production and use of hydro-electric power, another utility? The waste of resources and the cost to consumers would be tremendous.

The slide into economic isolationism must be stopped before it gets properly started. The Federal and provincial governments of Canada can do their part by refusing to encourage by example those in the United States who are all too ready to use an opportunity to build higher and sturdier barriers along the border.

Too Serious

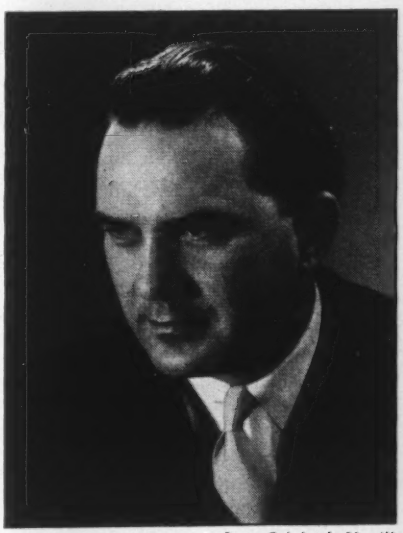
A FRIEND of ours just back from a stay in France tells us that when Marshal Juin decided to make things more difficult for the government of the moment by denouncing the European Defence Community, it gave Parisian crowds a few days of rowdy fun but failed to arouse any enthusiasm among the men and women whose job it is to report and comment on the weary backing and filling of French politics. One remark he remembered went something like this: "It was Clemenceau who said that war was too serious a matter to be left to Generals. So, it appears, is this half-peace—to French Generals, at least."

The Language Barrier

AFTER LISTENING to several prominent politicians sing the praises of the work being done by the democratic section of Canada's foreign-language press, we went around to see Z. S. Mokrzycki, who is President of the New Canadian Press, a firm that handles advertising and translation chores for 45 newspapers with a circulation of more than 250,000 weekly.

"Some people might say that the foreign language press is an obstacle to the rapid assimilation of new Canadians," Mr. Mokrzycki said. "But let me ask you: what would happen if you went to Czechoslovakia? Wouldn't you want to read papers in your own language?"

He didn't press the point, as we nodded vaguely, but went on: "When European immigrants arrive in this country to begin a new life, they are following a way which is full of obstacles and difficulties. They are inclined, naturally, to blame the country for them. The Communist papers, of which there are 14 printed in 11 languages in Canada, do a very clever job. They are well camouflaged and well organized. They don't miss an opportunity to make capital of things that seem wrong to new Canadians. For instance, last Christmas, when the Government enforced a law, which had been in existence for quite a while,



Jean Gainforth Merrill

Z. S. MOKRZYCKI: Interpreter.

stipulating that all parcels being sent behind the Iron Curtain must be inspected, the Commie papers made a big thing of it. The Government's action may not have been tactful, but it was necessary. The Commie papers said this sort of thing: 'Do the people of British origin, or of French or Italian, have to have their parcels inspected? No! But you of Slavic origin, have to. This is just another example of capitalist discrimination in Canada.' Now our job is to sell newcomers on Canada. The best service we can give is to interpret Canada properly to the new arrivals."

Mr. Mokrzycki was born in 1920 in Brezesc-Kujawski, Poland. His studies at the University of Warsaw were interrupted by the German invasion but then secret classes were organized. "Fifty or sixty students would jam into small rooms," he said. In 1941 he began helping with the printing and distribution of an underground newspaper, and this gave him a taste for the business. The war over, he founded his own publishing firm in Warsaw but soon found himself arguing with the Communist rulers of Poland. He requested the right to publish Field Marshal Montgomery's book, *From Alamein to Normandy,* and when the request was denied, sought the help of the British Embassy. Warned that he was to be arrested for his temerity, he escaped to Sweden, then came to Canada in 1949. "I got a job as a lithographer," he said. "I was the poorest lithographer they ever had. We organized The New Canadian Press in 1951. We started with 27 papers. We are up to 45 now and still growing."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES
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Race Memory

WE DOUBT if many wives will take more kindly to the snoring of their husbands as a result of the theory developed by Dr. A. H. Douthwaite, who recently suggested to a British Medical conference that snoring may be "based on race memory and that atavistically the male made the noise at night to keep marauders from the den". The wife, therefore, "might be encouraged to regard snoring as a sign of deep affection". The modern woman's race memory, we fear, has become pretty badly worn, and instead of being comforted by her husband's protective din at night, she is much more likely to blame it directly on the number of bacon - tomato - cheese - onion sandwiches consumed before retiring. She has, in brief, been spoiled by civilization.

Will to Resist

DR. LOO EENG TSAI of Tulane University, New Orleans, recently announced a successful experiment which proved that so-called natural enemies—the cat and the rat—can be made to co-operate and live amiably together.

"Such a discovery," the Chinese psychologist pointed out, "throws overboard the traditional dogma that in animal nature there is an ineradicable instinct of pugnacity which makes fighting or wars inevitable."

On the whole Dr. Loo Eeng Tsai's experiment seems to point a parable rather than to establish a universal principle. By the use of glass screens, safety devices and floor press-buttons which, when operated simultaneously, gave access to food, the psychologist was able to train his cat and rat to co-operate for their own good. This proves a great deal about cats and rats. The difficulty comes with the application of laboratory rules to the human spirit, which has always had the power to resist conditioning.

Under totalitarian systems, for instance,

The Front Page

we have roughly the equivalent of Dr. Loo Eeng Tsai's arrangement of cells, compulsions and inducements; and these will work only for people who are content to live in cages. Even if we devised a higher totalitarianism, with glass screens instead of iron curtains, and press-buttons leading to co-operation substituted for push-buttons leading to war, we would still have no guarantee that the new conditions would work automatically. The intransigent human will to resist even the most benevolent conditioning is an element that the experimental psychologists, from Dr. Pavlov to Dr. Loo Eeng Tsai, always seem to leave out of their calculations.

Trade Deficit

AMERICAN tourists spent $282 million in Canada last year, and Canadians spent $307 million in the United States. This year the gap between the two totals will probably be even greater, with the individual American spending less here and Canadians spending more for services and goods in the United States. It was inevitable that this should come about. Not only does a dollar generally buy less in Canada than in the United States, but far too many Canadians in businesses catering to tourists have been so busy trying to separate the visiting American from his money that they haven't had time to give much thought to the domestic possibilities.

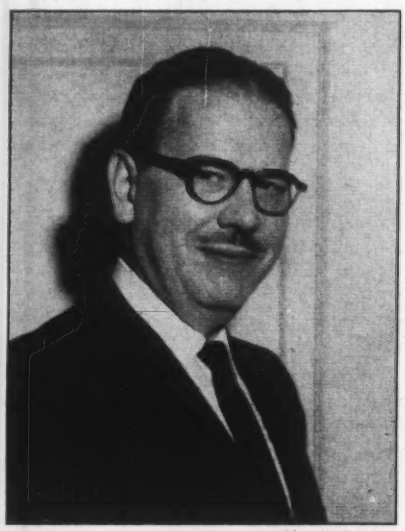
Sick All Over

CURIOUS ABOUT osteopathy, we arranged to meet Dr. J. W. Mulford, of Chicago, last week while the American Osteopathic Association was meeting in Toronto. Dr. Mulford, the newly elected President of the Association, quickly settled down to the job of explanation.

"Osteopathy is an art, a philosophy and a science," he said. "Its basic principles were announced way back in 1874 by Dr. A. T. Still, who said that the human body must be regarded as a unit: when a man is sick, he is sick all over, not just in parts. He demonstrated that the primary problem of medicine is man, not just the diseases he may contract. He also said that good health is natural. Some people consider good health to be just the interval between illnesses, but that is as fallacious as the old thesis that peace is the interval between wars."

He poked out a stiff finger. "The only object of any of the healing arts is to promote the health and welfare of every man," he said. "The principles of osteopathy met with serious opposition in both Canada and the United States for decades after 1874. The opposition has not yet died down. Even today we are regarded as cultists by the American Medical Association. The mistake purposefully made by the opposition is to compare our early principles and aims with modern medical practice. Naturally, we have advanced in the way that other sciences have done. Medical doctors now have accepted many of our principles, but they are using processes that we discarded years ago.

"Canadian osteopaths labor under difficulties that disappeared in most of the United States years ago," the retiring President, Dr. A. A. Eggleston, of Montreal, told us. "For instance, we are not



Ashley & Crippen

DR. J. W. MULFORD: Misunderstood.

allowed to call ourselves Doctors and there are several irritating limitations on osteopathic practice. There is a lack of full understanding of our profession." The Association, we learnt, has 48 divisional societies in the United States, with subsidiary organizations in Canada, Britain and Australia, and a total membership of 8,700.

The Watchful Corgi

THE BBC undoubtedly did the right thing in cancelling the appearance of Guardsman Alfred Edge on the television program "Guess My Story", but the reason given by the BBC—that the cancellation was "due to policy regarding the Royal Family"—was, we think, a little lame. Guardsman Edge was preparing to slope arms near a sentry box outside Buckingham Palace when he was bitten on the left ankle by the Queen's dog, a corgi. Now corgis, as befits their Welsh ancestry, are very intelligent creatures with a highly developed sense of what is proper and what is not. The Royal corgi has watched hundreds of Guardsmen pace the beat in front of the Palace and knows precisely how it should be done. We have no doubt that Guardsman Edge was a fraction of a second off in one of his movements, and a sharp nip was just what was needed to remind him about it. The BBC might at least have given the corgi some credit, instead of hiding behind the ancient cloak of "policy".

Talented Import (*Cover Story*)

IT IS a fairly common thing for young and aspiring Canadian actors to head for London or New York either for further training or in quest of fame. Of recent years, however, there has been a surprising reversal of this trend and a number of English actors have come to Canada to try to establish themselves in this country's expanding theatrical ventures. One of the best of these imports is Margaret Braidwood, an actress of considerable talent and versatility, who is currently playing with the Peterborough Summer Theatre.

Miss Braidwood arrived in Peterborough towards the end of last summer to join her husband, Harry Geldard, whom Michael Sadlier had induced to come out to try a season with his company. Summer Theatre audiences saw her first as Eliza in *Pygmalion*, a role whose considerable demands she handled with ease. She stayed to finish the season and during the winter played with Jupiter Theatre in Toronto and the Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa. This summer Mr. Geldard is directing the Peterborough Summer Theatre and his wife is playing the feminine leads. The unusual qualities of her voice, its depth and timbre which make her so admirable in character roles, are matched by her sympathy and insight. This past week she has shared with Lorne Greene in the triumph of *Come Back, Little Sheba.*

Abbey Bound

DURING AUGUST, Westminster Abbey will echo to "The praises of the Lord in lively notes" sung by the boys and men (some 40 of them) from St. George's Anglican Cathedral, Kingston, Ont. This is the first time in the 900 years of the Abbey's existence that so signal an honor has been paid to a choir from overseas, but it is not the first time that the excellence of this particular choir has been recognized. Not so long ago they sang in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, the first "foreign" choir ever to be invited to sing there. A week or so ago they were still about $5,000 short of the sum needed to take them to England, but donations could still be made to the Westminster Fund, St. George's Cathedral Choir, Kingston.

The Master Wood Carvers of Quebec

Centuries of Craftsmen Created a Rich Tradition

"VIRGIN AND CHILD" FROM THE COLLECTION IN THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO

Wood carving has been the leading craft of French-Canada for more than two centuries. A wood carvers' guild was established in Quebec as early as 1650. This lifesize statue of the Virgin and Child was executed in 1750 by Paul Labrosse, one of a family of Montreal craftsmen. Generations of the Labrosse family supplied Quebec churches with saints, crucifixes, altar pieces and choir screens.

"ANGEL WITH LYRE" BY JOBIN

Louis Jobin (1845-1928) began his career by carving cigar-store Indians.

"VIRGIN AND CHILD" BY LATOUR

Jacques LeBlond dit Latour (1670-1715) was Canada's first master-carver. Both a painter and sculptor, he was director of the earliest school of arts and crafts, founded about 1668.

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The Flutter of Flags A Healthy Pride

By SEAN O'CASEY

I'VE ALWAYS HAD an interest in flags: their color, their symbols, their slow flap or quick, nervous flutter. The one prize gained in my younger and youngest years was a flag. Though my eyes couldn't be used in any educative way, I had attended school for a year. I marched with a class, stood with it in a semi-circle, sat in a desk with it, trying to dream myself away when the listening or the silence made me weary. The roll was all-important then, and even one more name on it made it brighter and better. The heads of my then-world, though I had won no prize, decided that I deserved one. What would I like? A flag. They demurred for some reason. Other boys had chosen a gun, a bugle, a book; couldn't I do the same? I wanted a flag. I was but eight or nine at the time, but I remained faithful to the flag.

I got it at a great children's tea-party, a Union Jack, the Queen's Colors, I was told; a small strip attached to a thin black pole, topped with a gilded spear-point. It gave that boy great dreams of valor and resistance, and many and many a time I saved it at life's risk from the guns, the bugles, and the drums of the other boys, enemies ready and eager to tear it from its staff and defame with the flag the people it symbolized; but their mocking hands never seized it; I guarded it too well.

Everyone with eyes that see is interested, at least for some minute or two, in a flag. They are held high or they fly high, they flutter in the winds, they are brightly colored, and they symbolize a healthy pride in nationality and race. Here they are, and here we are under them. Salute!

Thomas Davis, the Irish patriot, in his verses called "Nationality", writes of the flag:

A Nation's flag, a Nation's flag—
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold.
But in the cause of Liberty,
Guard it 'gainst earth and hell;
Guard it till death or victory—
Look you, you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud
As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

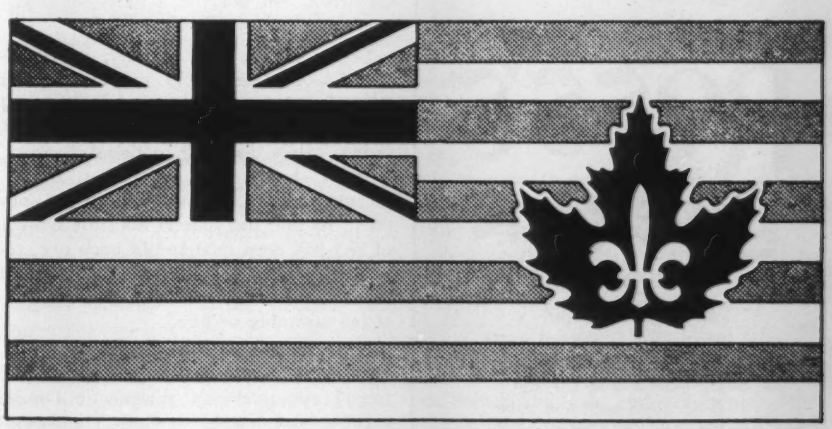
Many have guarded their flags as Davis counselled—Wolfe the flag of England, Montcalm the flag of France, and the National Song of the United States commemorates the shattering and obstinate flutter of the Stars and Stripes over the highest point of Fort Sumpter when it was shown that no one nation could fly two national flags.

But it isn't from any warlike point of view that I want to write about the fluttering flag, but about it as a point of thought, of remembrance, of its color, line, and form; a patch of animated color, familiar to every eye, provoking high emotion on occasions of assembly, of a march, of rejoicing, and in hours of formal ceremonial. Flags form a bigger part in our life than common thoughts can think; and such a symbol should be as lovely as the sensible and sensuous nature of man can make it to be; since a flag of this nation or of that nation is seen by all sorts of people, then the flag we fly should be colorful and expressive, telling in a few words of fluttering its country's records and its country's dreams.

Recently in *The Canadian Military Journal*, a letter approved of a design for a new and more modern flag, "a distinctive National flag for Canada", suggested by T. G. A. Henstridge. The design shown in the *Journal* gives the symbol ten horizontal stripes of alternating blue and white, symbolizing the ten provinces. In the fly towards the end farthest from the staff a stylized *fleur de lis* shines from the centre of a representational maple leaf, and in the corner near the staff, at the top, is the device of the Union Jack, as it is in the present-day flag of the Nation. It is much more expressive of Canada, and the design much more charming, than the present one of a red field, with the Canadian Emblem in its centre and the Union device in the top corner nearest the pole. The latter flag is too derivative, and, even were it original, too ugly, unformed and unfinished; for Canada's Emblem in its centre is so small that it says little or nothing about the Country it symbolizes. Apart from the Emblem — which seems to have landed there by accident—it is merely a copy of the Red Ensign, or the "Red Duster", as the flag is familiarly called by the men of the Merchant Service. The important and living place that Canada holds in the world today not only deserves, but definitely needs, a finer and more distinctive national flag.

One thing spoils the suggested new design—the Union device in the upper corner nearest the flag-pole. This device as a quarter or as a whole field is an ugly one. It is too crowded, too complex, with its three crosses clashing together and struggling for room on the flag. One cannot get the design at a glance or two, for it is so mixed that one would almost need a compass and square to follow the pattern correctly. Indeed, to me, there is but one flag flying uglier than the Union Flag, and that is the present-day symbol of my own country, Ireland. There is no political opinion in this dislike; it is merely a thought provoked by a sensitive eye at a representation in color and line and form. The Irish colors are said to be green, white, and orange, but the orange is usually yellow, and the flag is generally termed in popular verse to be the one of green, white and gold.

Green and gold! Only a few years ago, Ireland periodically smothered herself in this green and gold, just as Socialist countries tend to smother themselves in red like crimson. Even today, the telegram envelopes are green in Ireland, and so are the post boxes. The Speaker in the Dail wears a gown cuffed and collared



A DISTINCTIVE national flag for Canada designed by T. G. A. Henstridge.

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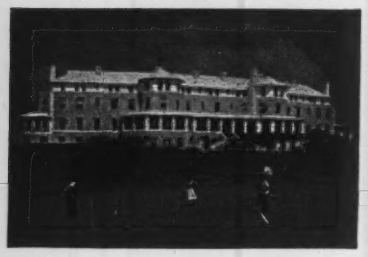

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with green and gold. If we in Ireland decide to cling to the green, it should be kept to the one and principal symbol—the old flag, a lovely one, of the green field with the harp in its centre. It should replace the sickly-looking tricolor of green, white, and yellow. It is a unique flag. There are eagles, lions, stars, suns, moons and crosses in great numbers on the flags of the world; there is but one that flies the symbol of music's silver sound and wild voluptuous swell—the flag of Ireland, now revealed only over the place where Ireland's President happens to be staying.

The ugliest flag conceived by the mind of man was, I think, the banner of the Nazis, not because of its villainous associations, but simply because of its ugly colors, lines, and form—the grim red field, with the black swastika jigging wildly about in a white circular centre. It had on it no strength of the lion, no swiftness of the eagle, no gleam of a star, no ray from a sun. It seemed to blare out a deformed arrogance, and stared at the world through the eyes of a beset man violently trying to transform himself into a god. It swarmed everywhere, and the world's thought of other colors, other lines, other forms, was to be swept within the circle of white to be strangled by the wriggling, demented swastika.

Science has brought the world so close together (if Science, through the hydrogen bomb, doesn't blow the nations farther apart than ever) that it is advisable to bring into our life as much diversity as possible, that all our national characteristics, in all measures and means, should be, not only preserved, but developed and intensified to enable us to distinguish the one from the other, and to deliver us from a dull and merciless uniformity. Conservatism should have other colors besides blue, other flowers besides the primrose; Socialism other colors besides red, and other flowers besides the red carnation. These flowers, the one delightful in its lovely simplicity, the other rich in its color and its perfume, are flowers for all to enjoy: national emblems, all right, like the rose, the thistle, the daffodil, the shamrock, but not for a party sign. Diversity without disorder.

In the USSR, very recently, a fine effort has been made to deliver the eye from the glare of a crimson canopy. All of the various republics have added differing colors to their national banners. Yellows, bright and pale blues, blacks, greens, and whites have been striped into them, so that the general Socialist symbol of red has been modified in each one, relieving the eye, and adding a happier and more comfortable diversity to any fluttering assembly of flags.

We shouldn't be afraid to change things, even change our national flags if the mind's eye catches a glimpse of a more suitable and likelier symbol. The newest conception of a national flag for Canada is spoiled artistically to this eye by the inclusion of the Union Flag in the corner. It is ugly; it links Canada, not with a national, but with a political, past that is over forever. A much better and happier design would be the English Rose as a background to the Maple Leaf and the *fleur de lis,* or even a Lion *couchant* or *passant* under the leaf and the blossom. The Union Flag itself could be simplified, and so improved, by taking the Cross of Saint Patrick out of it. There is now neither logical nor national reason for leaving it there. Should anyone whisper: What about Ulster? then the answer is that the vigilant Protestants of the north could hardly object to taking a cross from a banner.

It is odd, when one comes to think of it, to see among the banners of the world, that almost all the countries flying crosses on their ensigns are predominantly Protestant in belief. Sweden, Norway, Finland, Denmark, Iceland have them; old Germany had the Iron Cross on her flag, and Protestant England, not content with one, has three of them in her banner. With the exception of Orthodox Greece, Catholic Europe seems to have none flying. Catholic Belgium, Catholic Poland have no cross in their flags, and Catholic Ireland has either the Harp or the three Republican stripes of green, white, and orange. All Roman Catholic countries of America, from Mexico down, have ne'er a one showing: all the banners are emblazoned with secular symbols.

Well, there they are, all the flags of the world fluttering away, bright and lively, a long way from the first flag of a bunch of straw or a green branch tied to a tall pole as a rallying point for fighting armies. There they are fluttering away, and here we are under our own—Salute!

•

Remembered Bough

A latitude north of Montreal the rain
Years back electroplated miles of country,
As happens now and then. The curved birch lay
Under cold that fell into the forest at early evening
And all the night and morning. A concert master
Played in the upper frozen flashing limbs.
Engrossed then with the trouble, it was after
That I remarked the music and the glimmer
Of heliographing branches. Say it's only
That one is younger in remembered years,
Or pain is soon forgot; but, this day over,
I may not link the present time with fears.
When I am old enough to seem young now,
Wonders recalled may start from many a bough.

R. E. EVERSON

CNR

THERE WOULD BE a rush for the city's inadequate bridges.

Letter from Montreal

Comic Strip Mentality vs. The Bomb

By Hugh MacLennan

IN COMMON with other important Canadian and American cities, Montreal was involved in the military experiment called by the authorities *Operation Alert* and advertised as a full scale test of our continental and Pacific defence systems. It coincided with the total failure of the Geneva Conference and the general recognition that we have entered a period of extreme, though probably not total, danger. Yet *Operation Alert* was pure fantasy. So far as Montreal was concerned, not a single element of it was real.

What happened here was probably similar to what happened elsewhere, though there were differences in time-schedules. Here, at two minutes past twelve on a dull day in June, a hypothetical Russian jet-bomber penetrated non-existent defences and dropped an imaginary A-bomb (estimated to have a tenth of the destructive power of a modern H-bomb) two thousand feet above the intersection of Lachasse and St. Hubert Streets. This imaginary explosion killed (hypothetically) sixty thousand Montrealers, wounded a hundred thousand more and left scores of thousands homeless. Reports of hypothetical damage flowed over a teletype system into a central control room where they were received and evaluated by experts. The next day the officer in charge of the control room told the press that the teletype system would have been useless if the raid had been real because the bomb would have wiped it out. While the fake raid was in progress, Montreal's firemen lounged as usual in their station-houses ready for real calls to duty. They played an important role in *Operation Alert* nonetheless, although the next day a spokesman for the Fire Department told the press that much of the equipment they would have been using if they had been using any at all was "assumed"—in other words, it did not exist.

While this extravaganza was going on in the minds of the military, reporters circulated through Montreal (as they doubtless did in other cities as well) asking people what they would have done had the raid been real. The answer they got here was that the majority would have high-tailed it for the bridges leading across the rivers to the distant hills.

Now it happens that all but one, or at most two, of Montreal's bridges are inadequate to their task under normal circumstances. The streets leading to their approaches are even less adequate, and on week-ends cars returning from the Laurentians frequently form traffic jams four miles long. The last time I crossed Victoria Bridge, our second largest leading from the city's heart to the south, I spent twenty-six minutes stalled on it. Two farm trucks, one empty and the other filled with bleating calves on their way to the slaughter house, were wedged together in the middle.

THE DAY after *Operation Alert*, one of the general officers in charge expressed himself as "agreeably surprised" by the result, a phrase so alarming it would be a shame to spoil it by comment, query or amplification. Even more alarming, at least to me, was the attitude of the public toward the entire affair. Thousands of citizens probably read the headline that assured them that the authorities were "agreeably surprised" and went their way with the comforting notion that the super bomb is not really much more harmful than the *Luftwaffe* turned out to be in 1940. The very night of *Operation Alert*, I overheard a belligerent friend saying angrily that the time had come "to go into Asia with all we had", and by that I could only presume him to mean that we line ourselves up behind the American declared policy of massive retaliation.

Well, massive retaliation means the use of A- and H-bombs and this in turn means their counter-use against ourselves. If the politicians are doing more than sounding off to their own electorate, then surely it is time for the public to understand even a fraction of what this policy involves.

I therefore suggest, without the slightest hope that anyone in authority will take me seriously, that the next experiment with our defence system be at least half-real. Let the authorities spread the word that a real Russian plane is on its way. Let real sirens sound. Then let the military, together with politicians carefully selected for the width of their mouths, station themselves at strategic positions in Montreal, Toronto, New York, Detroit and Chicago and see for themselves what will happen if a large civil population, no matter how courageous or loyal it may be, believes that it is not merely going to be bombed, but is shortly going to be exterminated.

At a moment when the West is making a belated stand in Asia, anyone who tries to increase our normal anxieties is little better than a criminal. All I am trying to suggest here is that nothing so greatly weakens our unity in the west or vastly increases our anxieties, as the apparent reliance of our military on these super-weapons. The Russians don't rely on them. They know we will not dare use them unless they are first used against us. Russia makes plans as though the H-bomb did not exist.

It seems to me that western civilization, especially on this continent, has been unable to think clearly about these super-weapons because a whole generation of its voters has been pre-conditioned to an H-bomb world by reading science fiction and comic books. If the comic book super-hero is not actually an American, he at least looks like an all-American ideal. His enemies, if they are human at all, resemble Asiatics and quite often belong to the communist persuasion. The comic book hero not only wins every time. He wins painlessly because he possesses some super-weapon denied to his opponents.

This may well be a real cause of western failure to formulate a coherent foreign and military policy since 1945. We have a super-weapon that would solve everything if only we dared to use it. Meanwhile our enemies, without apparent anxiety, win success after success without using any super-weapons at all. Why should they worry, so long as they know we rely on H-bombs and have military experts who waste their energies on fantasmal exercises like *Operation Alert?*

Ottawa Letter

Some Impressions of the Past Session

By John A. Stevenson

IN THE FIRST session after a general election by which a Ministry has received a fresh mandate is always comparatively tranquil. The opposition knows that the voters, having passed judgment upon the record of Ministers, wants criticism of them to be in subdued key until they have been given a chance to make good the pledges of the campaign. Moreover, most of the important legislation during the recent session, such as the banking bills and the measure revising the Criminal Code, were non-controversial in character; it was only on subjects like grain marketing, unemployment and the feud with the provincial Government of Quebec about taxation that any real heat was generated in debates.

One curious feature of the session was the remarkable reluctance of the rank and file of the French-Canadian Liberals to intervene in debates in which the fortunes of Quebec were not involved. Apart from Ministers, they number 62, or almost one quarter of the total membership of the House, but sometimes three or four sittings would elapse without any of them making a contribution.

French-Canada gained compensatory prestige, however, from the sustained excellence of the record of René Beaudoin in his first session as Speaker. He has already acquired such a mastery of the rules of the House as few of his predecessors ever possessed at the end of their term, and has shown conspicuous fairness in his interpretation of them. He has never hesitated to check any member, even a Minister, who wandered off from the subject of debate into irrelevancies, as too many do.

The Prime Minister led the Commons with a much looser rein than usual, and with only rare major interventions in debate. While he has lately avowed that a decent holiday will make him completely fit for the duties that lie before him, the wearing strain of high office has obviously left its mark upon his physical vigor. As his deputy, the Hon. Walter Harris was reasonably competent in debate and good tempered toward the opposition, but his management of the House's affairs left much to be desired. In the early part of the session he made no serious effort to check a wasteful consumption of time in inconsequential debates, which left far too much business to be rushed through in unseemly haste in the last two weeks.

In his final session Mr. Abbott carried his full share of the burden of debate, and his best allies were Mr. Howe, Mr. Martin and Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Gardiner, feeling the weight of his years, was comparatively silent and astonished his opponents by his new mood of graciousness towards them, while Mr. Lesage made a promising debut as a Minister. Mr. Pearson restricted his speeches to his own special field; Mr. Claxton carried with him into retirement the memory of another severe grilling by the opposition and Mr. Côté did not emerge well from a long battle of protest about the increase in postal rates.

As usual, the back-benchers of the party

Capital Press

RENE BEAUDOIN: A mastery.

in power were not encouraged to be loquacious, but Colonel D. Croll (Toronto, Spadina), J. L. MacDougall (Vancouver-Burrard), the Hon. Roch Pinard (Chambly-Rouville) and E. T. Applewhaite (Skeena) stood out among the seniors for competence in debate, and the recruits who showed the greatest potentialities as parliamentarians were A. J. MacEachen (Inverness-Richmond), and Allan Fraser (St. John's East). With Major Charles G. Power (Quebec South) the best speaker in the House, remaining an almost silent observer of the parliamentary scene, flights of real eloquence were rare.

The Progressive Conservatives arrived back in Ottawa very much chastened by their failure to make any headway in the last general election, and it was only towards the close of the session that their drooping spirits began to revive. Moreover, the unity essential for the effectiveness of an opposition was lacking, due to the smouldering friction between the admirers and critics of Mr. Drew. The tremendous burden of speech-making he undertook revealed a tireless industry, which commands general admiration. Most of his speeches were competent performances, but they would be more effective if Mr. Drew could only lighten them with touches of humor.

He was handicapped, too, by the fundamental disability of his party, the difficulty of evolving a policy that offers a marked contrast to the program of the Liberal party. The espousal of the cause of Premier Duplessis about rights of provincial taxation remains a perilous adventure.

If the Conservative party's financial critic, J. M. Macdonnell (Toronto, Greenwood), could only put more fire into his speeches, he would be one of the most effective debaters in Parliament; he has a logical mind, well stored with knowledge on all manner of subjects, and he commands the respect of all parties. Mr. Drew had no more industrious lieutenant than E. Davie Fulton (Kamloops), and D. M. Fleming (Toronto, Eglinton) could always be relied upon to make a vigorous and well-reasoned speech, as could Mrs. Ellen Fairclough (Hamilton-West). J. G. Diefenbaker was less active than during some earlier sessions and some of his pronouncements upon international affairs, on which he is now his party's expert, were rather woolly. Of the new recruits to the party the greatest promise was shown by W. M. Hamilton (Notre Dame de Grâce), and W. B. Nesbitt (Oxford).

By contrast, the CCF was inspired to a militant mood by its success in doubling its representation through the last general election. It got a reinforcement of competent debaters, of whom the best are Colin Cameron (Nanaimo), Harold Winch (Vancouver E.) and T. S. Barnett (Comox-Alberni), and it was able to sustain a long debate against the Government.

Throughout most of the session the Social Credit party was made unhappy by the extraordinary antics of its former leader, J. H. Blackmore (Lethbridge). His successor in the leadership, Solon Low, is an industrious member who prepares his speeches with great care, but somehow he has never secured the attentive ear of the House, which prefers to listen to two of his followers, F. D. Shaw (Red Deer), and Victor Quelch (Acadia), who usually talk good common sense.

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Foreign Affairs

Will the UN Founder in China Typhoon?

By Willson Woodside

IN THE THREAT of the Republican leader in the Senate, sometimes called the "senator from Formosa", to devote all his efforts to taking the U.S. out of the UN if that organization seats Red China, has now travelled round the world. It seems to have been met, fairly generally, with scorn, as the petulant outburst of an adolescent who won't play if he can't have his own way. Merriment has been added by the story that "only two countries offered to join Mr. Dulles's united front: Thailand and Knowland".

It would be most unfortunate if those many European and Commonwealth countries that are said to be now ready to accept Red China in the UN should think that Knowland's championship of Nationalist China and McCarthy's violent opposition to any truck or trade by allies of the U.S. with Communist China were the main basis of the American position, and were to conclude that such arguments must now be ignored by more rational people if the peace of the world is to be safeguarded. They might easily underestimate the depth of feeling of the American people, as expressed by President Eisenhower, and the strength of the arguments being presented by the serious American press against a step that could undermine and destroy the UN.

The *Christian Science Monitor* points out that there is a logical American objection to the representation of the Peking Government in the UN, which ought to be shared by all nations wishing to preserve its moral authority. This objection is that Communist China has not even begun to purge itself of the military aggression in Korea for which it stands indicted by the UN's own resolution.

It reminds those who now argue that if Communist China promotes an Indo-China settlement she ought to be rewarded by admission to the UN, that her exclusion does not stem from the Indo-China affair, serious though this is, but from Korea. Throughout the Geneva talks on a Korean settlement Chou En-lai poured scorn on the right of the UN to supervise such a settlement. This claim was as "illegal", he held, as the whole UN "intervention" in Korea. The *Monitor* asks how much value the UN would retain as a protector of peace and security if it should now accept into its membership a regime that defies its authority.

This is the serious American answer to those who would "let bygones be bygones", who hold that the main purpose of the UN is to provide a meeting place for all nations, who argue that the seating of Red China would help relieve tension in the Far East, promote trade, and ultimately help to detach China from the Soviet orbit. To those who chant of American naiveté, this organ of international goodwill throws back a sharp: "It is you who are naive if you believe you are serving the cause of peace by allowing a violator of the Charter to shoot its way into the Security Council".

Those who rest their case for admission on the argument that the Soviet Union is in the UN, so why not Red China? are evading the real issue. They are also closing their minds to the intensity of American feeling on this issue, the reasons for this feeling, and the danger to the whole Western alliance which could come from ignoring it.

Wide World

SENATOR KNOWLAND: He voiced a deep American feeling.

In Korea, the American people bore the main cost of the free world's first attempt to maintain collective security. They felt that most of the other members didn't pull their own weight. They believe they were restrained by the fears and hesitations of the others from properly settling affairs with Communist China. They resent bitterly that, because of what they consider this weak attitude of their allies, Red China has been able to emerge from the struggle as *the only adversary not defeated in battle by the U.S.*

The outcome of this is, as the Americans predicted, that Red China has been able to resume her aggression in Indo-China. However clumsily, the Americans did try to check that. They urged the French for years to grant independence to Indo-China. They warned Peking that they might retaliate by hitting at China itself. Then they tried to put some weight behind the French bargaining position at Geneva by organizing a South-east Asia Pact. No doubt it was done late and awkwardly, but the blame for spiking it rests clearly on the British; and the outcome has been that Geneva has been turned into a surrender conference. To Americans it is a "Munich" in that an attempt is being made to buy off an aggressor by handing him territory belonging to others.

But, it is said, the negotiations are to save Laos and Cambodia; only Vietnam is to be abandoned, and only a part of that. Besides, are there not to be free elections, and a "Locarno" guarantee? People who talk like that are only fooling themselves, for it is quite sure the Communist enemy knows what he is doing. Laos and Cambodia are remote hill states, the former with just over a million population, the other with three and three-quarter millions. Vietnam has 23 millions, a rice surplus and a long strategic seacoast. Half of it is to be surrendered, and the other half will quickly follow through elections or intimidation, or both.

Nor will the moral and political effects of this retreat before the might of Red China be confined to the Vietnamese politicians. They will be felt all through South-east Asia, in all its weak new governments and its peoples, always anxious to pick the winning side, and particularly among the overseas Chinese, spread in their millions through all these countries.

Now, on top of this surrender, which opens a great breach in the American policy of containment, many allies of the U.S. are talking of admitting Red China to the UN. This would represent, under the present circumstances, as great a victory for the Communist enemy as it would be an affront to our American friends. If we persist—and our own government has shared in the clamor for recognition—we will deserve the consequences.

Critics of the Americans never cease to call them irrational and childish. Let them beware then, lest such people actually pull out of the United Nations on this issue. Let them consider that, in such a case, the UN might have to pull out of the United States. And let them answer the question: what would "co-existence" mean for the British or any of the rest of us, without American power to back it up?

Books

For Hammock and Deck Chair

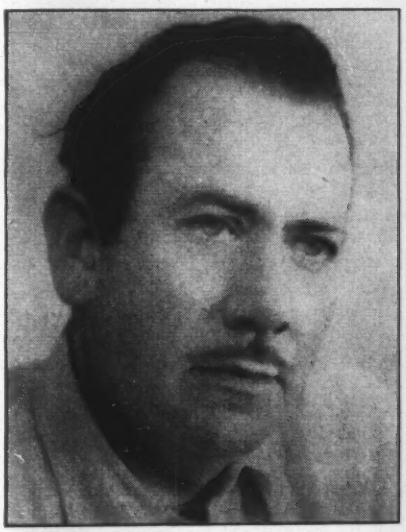
By Robertson Davies

THERE IS A WIDESPREAD BELIEF that summer reading differs sharply from winter reading. Whether the experience of bookshops and public libraries bears it out, or not, I cannot tell, but certainly I meet a great many people who feel that they are much more serious-minded in cold weather, and that when the sun is hot they need books which gently entertain, rather than those which require close attention and stir the emotions. Without commenting further on the validity of this belief I offer herewith a group of books which you may safely take to your hammock or deck chair, there to fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden World.

First is a new novel by John Steinbeck which tells of further adventures in the fairy-tale world of Cannery Row; it is called *Sweet Thursday*, and it is about the romance of Doc, the marine biologist, and Suzy, a prostitute from the Bear Flag establishment. Steinbeck's lighter works are artificial comedies of low life; his Cannery Row people are alcoholics, crooks and trollops whom he has invested with his own eloquence and his own relaxed and chaotic vision of the universe. They are blasphemous, bawdy and generally reprehensible, but their creator has filled them all with a great and holy charity. Indeed, they remind me of the Pogo comic strip, in which alligators, bears, skunks and other disagreeable creatures are invested with a factitious charm, even when they are about to eat their friends. The belief that anyone who is either destitute or dishonest has necessarily a heart of gold is one which I should like to hear discussed by, say, a seasoned worker in the Salvation Army; but these books have no connection with reality. They are fairy-tales, and we must not apply ordinary common sense to them.

Considered as a fairy-tale, *Sweet Thursday* is excellent hammock reading. If you do not think it funny when the Madam of a bawdy house rebukes her girls for profanity, on the ground that "Vulgarity gives a hookshop a bad name", this book is not for you. But if your sense of humor covers a fairly wide area, you should like it very much.

If you like a fairy-tale which is not rooted in what is sordid, let me recommend *Lost Island*, which is by Graham McInnes, who is now with the Canadian High Commissioner's office in New Zealand, and who is well known to SATURDAY NIGHT readers as an art critic. This is the well-loved fairy-tale of the desert island. Dr. Francis Ryan, a meteorologist from the University of Toronto, is in a plane-crash in the South Pacific; after some Robinson Crusoe adventures he discovers that he is not alone on his island; the other inhabitants are a girl and her father. It would be unfair to reveal just who and what this girl is, for that is what makes the book a fairy-tale; by building up a remarkable tissue of circumstantial



JOHN STEINBECK: Fairy-tale world.

detail, as factual as a mariner's chart, the author softens us for a staggering jolt. After a period of idyllic life on the island, the plot is resolved in the only possible way.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead that he does not love a story about a desert island? *Lost Island* is just the book for the hammock adventurer.

The mystery lovers must not be neglected in summer, and Ngaio Marsh has turned her practised hand to *Spinsters In Jeopardy*, in which Chief Detective-Inspector Alleyn, his wife Troy and his small son Ricky get themselves involved with dope pedlars and pseudo-mystics in France. Perhaps Miss Marsh's hand is a little *too* practised and has grown weary; perhaps my appetite for mystery prefers the fare of *Lost Island*. Whatever the reason, I did not find this up to her usual standard, and the nobility of Alleyn, who appears to do most of his detection by a process of moral and social disapproval, makes me snigger rudely. But addicts will want this under-par specimen of a good mystifier's work.

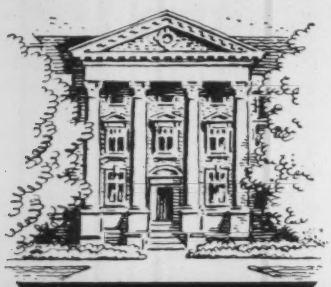
A much more attractive detective, in my opinion, is Mrs. Bradley, who appears again in Gladys Mitchell's new book *Faintley Speaking*, which is about currency smuggling. The mystification begins with the murder of a schoolmistress, which should make this popular reading with those who have just survived Junior Matric.

For those who, even in their summer reading, like to keep in touch with current problems, Erich Maria Remarque's new book *A Time To Love And A Time To Die*, will fill the bill. Since the great success of *All Quiet on the Western Front* in 1929, this author has held a special place in public esteem; he was the spokesman for a part of Germany with which we felt strong sympathy; his latest book attempts to rouse the same feeling, and although I do not doubt that it is honest in its intention, it does not escape a certain atmosphere of special pleading. The early skill in creating situation and character are there, and so is the ability to describe horrors without alienating tender-minded readers. It is about a German soldier of the last war who returns from the misery of the retreat from Russia to find his family gone, and who marries a girl while on leave, seeking some gleam of happiness in a desperate world. They experience the degradation of civilian life in a bombed and disillusioned nation, and at last the soldier returns to the Russian front, where he is killed.

Remarque writes without sentimentality, and although his appeal against the horrors and lunacies of war lacks the shock it carried in 1929, this is a powerful piece of work.

Like Remarque, Richard Llewellyn made his reputation some time ago (1939) with a book which was, in its way, a good one (*How Green Was My Valley*). But there were signs in that book that its Anglo-Welsh poetese might quickly develop rotten spots, and it is sad to relate that Mr. Llewellyn's prose style is now one huge, festering plum. A man who can write "A corner drive-in's neon bloomed scarlet on rolling grey, and its jukebox spewed an aria of corrupted adolescence that seemed to roll, viscously buoyant, on a pulse of lush regret", is dangerously over-loading his circuits, and may shortly experience a mental hot-box.

But he is such a good story-teller that his tale of a professor who attempts to operate an amusement pier and fight gangsters who want to muscle in on it, holds the attention and rouses agreeably frightening emotions, even while the style repels. I can recommend this book



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to anyone who wants a good story and a great deal of sensation, provided they do not mind the fact that these articles are purveyed by a Welsh pulpit orator, screaming drunk on American slang.

Another lively tale written by one who knows how to tell a story, but who has no restraint or taste as a stylist, is *Mary Anne*, by Daphne du Maurier. Although it is called a novel, this book is based upon the life of Miss du Maurier's great-great-grandmother, Mary Anne Thompson, who found a life of virtue difficult, and a life of what the world calls vice agreeable and rewarding. She became Mistress of the Duke of York, and because he was stingy she sold Army promotion, with his connivance, to those who could pay for it. Understandably this led to a scandal and an eventual investigation by Parliament, which is described in detail and with skill. One cannot help admiring the singleness of purpose shown by this dangerous lady, but I cannot recommend it whole-heartedly for hammock reading; even in the literary presence of Mary Anne it is safest to sit bolt upright. *Her* hookshop was never marred by vulgarity, however.

SWEET THURSDAY — by John Steinbeck — pp. 273—*Macmillan*—$3.95.

LOST ISLAND—by Graham McInnes—pp. 254—*World*—$3.50.

SPINSTERS IN JEOPARDY—by Ngaio Marsh—pp. 255—*Collins*—$2.50.

FAINTLEY SPEAKING—by Gladys Mitchell—pp. 224—*Michael Joseph*—$2.50.

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE — by E. M. Remarque—pp. 378—*McLeod*—$4.50.

A FLAME FOR DOUBTING THOMAS—by Richard Llewellyn—pp. 368—*Michael Joseph*—$3.00.

MARY ANNE—by Daphne du Maurier—pp. 351—*Doubleday*—$3.85.

In Brief

CANADA'S SOLDIERS 1604-1954—The Military History of an Unmilitary People—by George F. G. Stanley—pp. 401 indexed—*Macmillan*—$6.50.

The time is ripe for this military history because there is none such before it and Canada must stand at arms from now until an eternity of peace comes upon Earth. Dr. Stanley of RMC has done a masterly and scholarly job of collecting, arranging and digesting the military story.

The record is indeed a long one and surprisingly continuous. For an unmilitary people, Canadians have borne many arms many places and more times than any general history of the country details. The French-Canadians have been as active in this as other Canadians; within a year of the Peace of Paris they were defending Canada under the new regime against Indians and, incidentally, Americans. The history properly begins with the French defence of Canada, and most of the alarming threats which called Canadians to arms during 350 years came from the people to the south of us; that border was Canada's chief insecurity until 1900.

The Great War gets here its only complete Canadian telling. Because Colonel C. P. Stacey's history is available, World War II is but briefly outlined. . . . Recommended for all school and public libraries and to anybody interested in military topics.

GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE—by Jacques Barzun—pp. 344—*Little, Brown*—$5.75.

A clever, intelligent and affectionate interpretation of the U.S., its people, places and pastimes. The title betrays Mr. Barzun's insecure identification of himself as an American; he is a Frenchman by birth and wit, though naturalized since 1933. Yet his survey of "God's Country" gains both depth and breadth because of his innate detachment.

Mr. Barzun has a Gallic slogan for the U.S. — "Diversity, Fraternity, Perfectibility" — and roundly rejects the common foreign notion that Americans are materialists and imperialists. They are "a people carrying to every part of the world their own innocently shrewd form of the social gospel". They have outbursts of brag and bounce but "no crusading faith" —a surprising judgment. . . . One of the best books of its kind in a decade.

HENRY MARSHALL TORY—by E. A. Corbett—pp. 241 indexed—*Ryerson*—$5.00.

The late Dr. Tory was a Rotarian in mortar-board. (He was a member of the Rotary Club of Edmonton.) His passion for letters and science was exceeded by his compulsion to preach them. He carried his gospel from one end of the country to the other. From his enthusiasm, energy and personal force came the University of British Columbia, the University of Alberta, Khaki College of the first Great War, and Carleton College. He was a doer rather than an academician and he did well, with fire in his heart and sometimes on his tongue. He loved people and improving them intellectually. He could even knit convivially, turning a heel as readily as he did a phrase. Dr. Corbett's biography, founded primarily on Dr. Tory's diaries, records and reports, is thorough, friendly, sufficiently anecdotal and it deserves the respect thousands of Canadians feel for his subject.

FINGERPRINTS—by Douglas G. Browne and Alan Brock—pp. 224—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.75.

Two expert British writers on crime and punishment turn their talents on fifty years of scientific crime detection, and give not only a reliable account of fingerprinting lore, methods and uses, but also rip-snorting case-histories of real crime in Britain, France and elsewhere where fingerprints got their man. The compendium is comprehensive, the story-telling good, the scientific facts right.

T.J.A.

The Truth About McCarthy: Answering the Critics

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD MAY: PART VIII

BY MAY 18, 1952, Joe's critics had grown so numerous that he felt constrained to speak of a "vast number of Communists in press and radio". In the McCarthy jargon, a Communist was now any person who opposed the junior Senator from Wisconsin—which would include the editors of such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*, and of such newspapers as the Washington *Post*, the Milwaukee *Journal*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. All were the butts of Joe's accusations; and all, in the strange new lexicon of Senator Joe, were dupes of Moscow.

But of all Joe's journalistic feuds, his attacks on Columnist Drew Pearson had been the bitterest and most sustained. The two squared off early in McCarthy's Senatorial career, when Pearson showed up Joe's connections with the real estate lobby. It was Pearson who first exposed Joe's $10,000 payment from the bankrupt Lustron Corporation. Later, the columnist burst McCarthy's war-hero bubble by revealing that Joe had quit the Marines in the middle of the Pacific war; that he had been promoted only one rank instead of working up from private to captain, as he boasted; and that his much-publicized "wound" was a phony.

Time magazine, for its part, had been inclined to sit on a lofty perch and observe these goings-on, meanwhile expressing itself neither one way nor the other on the tempestuous Senator.

During this period, Joe had nothing but warm praise for Henry Luce, editor of *Time* and *Life;* and he found no sinister evidence of Communism in Luce's magazines. McCarthy's "research" turned up such "evidence" only when *Time*, and its sister magazine *Life*, grew increasingly critical of the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

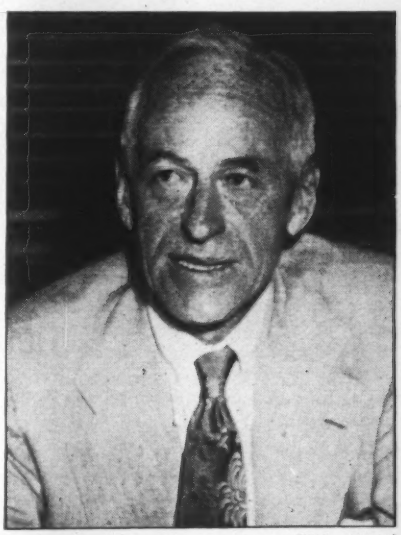
But the straw that broke the back of Joe's patience was printed in *Time* on October 22, 1951. McCarthy's picture appeared on the cover of that issue, and four inside pages were devoted to him. The article said:

In a nation that had finally learned (without any help from McCarthy) that it was locked in a life-or-death struggle with world Communism, these (McCarthy's) charges were as grave as any that could be made. The underlying accusation was that its State Department was harboring Communists, knew they were Communists, and was doing so deliberately. . .

The Reds in government, if any, were safe. After nearly two years of tramping the nation, shouting that he was "rooting out the skunks", just how many Communists has Joe rooted out? The answer is none. . .

No regard for fair play, no scruple for exact truth hampers Joe's political course. If his accusations destroy reputations, if they subvert the principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty, he is oblivious. Joe does not even seem to realize the gravity of his own charges.

This report apparently convinced Joe that *Time* had gone Communist; and he warned his disciples about "the depth to which this magazine will sink in using deliberate falsehoods to destroy anyone who is hurting the Communist cause". Joe's attacks on *Time* and *Life* ran the full course, ending in an attempt to put the magazines out of business. He wrote Luce: "As you already know, I am preparing material on *Time* magazine to furnish all of your advertisers, so they may be aware of the type of publication they are supporting."



Wide World

SENATOR MILLARD TYDINGS: A gentleman soundly whipped.

This smacked of intimidation and suppression; and the sentinels of the free press sat up and took notice. But Joe stuck to his guns:

I feel that I have a duty to let those advertisers know that *Time* magazine publishes falsehoods for a purpose. Those advertisers. . . are entitled to have it called to their attention if unknowingly they are flooding American homes with Communist Party line material. . . If they continue to advertise in *Time* magazine after they know what *Time* is doing, in my opinion no one who is for America and against Communism should buy their product.

Finally the press had made its ultimate discovery: McCarthy was a threat to their individual security unless they wrote what *he* wanted.

Strewn along the political highway that Joe McCarthy travelled to the nation's capital lay several bruised-and-bandaged bodies. There was Mike Eberlein, the north-country lawyer who had a political dream—and then saw his hired hand fulfil it. There was Edgar Werner, the old judge—who wasn't nearly as old as McCarthy made him out to be in order to pass him by. There was Gilbert Lappley, the agriculture lawyer who tried to uphold the laws of Wisconsin—and lost his job. There was Robert La Follette, Jr., the second generation Senator who thought his record would assure his re-election—but discovered too late that Joe had obscured the record with mud. And there was Senator Raymond Baldwin, the mild Republican from Connecticut—who was driven into political retirement by a torrent of McCarthy abuse.

So it was that when Senator Millard Tydings, a gentleman of refinement, took off his coat with Joe, the outcome was foreordained: Tydings was whipped so soundly that he probably could never run for political office again. Tydings was an ultra-conservative Democrat who voted consistently against the New Deal—incurring thereby the enmity of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was the first to try to purge Tydings from the Senate. FDR failed; McCarthy succeeded.

Tydings's troubles with the Wisconsin whirlwind started when he became chairman of the sub-committee that was assigned in March 1950 to investigate McCarthy's charges of Communists in the State Department. Almost before the probe had begun, McCarthy was yelling "whitewash of State"—just as in the Malmedy investigation. But despite the ominous fate of Baldwin, Tydings stood his ground.

It was said by some who were close to McCarthy that when the Tydings report came out, Joe could hardly sleep. "He was so preoccupied with Tydings," one reported, "that he'd sit by the hour figuring out ways to get revenge." It was no wonder that Joe was fighting mad, for the report lambasted his charges as "a fraud and a hoax". It accused Joe of "hit-and-run" tactics, of a "cavalier disregard for facts", of "twisting, coloring, perverting, and distorting" the truth. The 313-page report described the genesis of Joe's charges in these terms:

Starting with nothing, Senator McCarthy plunged headlong forward, desperately seeking to develop some information which, colored with distortion and fanned by a blaze of bias, would forestall the day of reckoning.

After the report was made public in

July 1950, McCarthy began making plans for the Maryland campaign in the fall, when Tydings would be up for another term. Joe went to see Tydings's opponent, a Baltimore lawyer with an impressive name, who had never before run for office: Mr. John Marshall Butler. The two went to dinner, accompanied by Butler's campaign treasurer, Cornelius Mundy. Also present were McCarthy's sharp-tongued secretary, Jean Kerr, and a New York lawyer who had served as Republican counsel during the Tydings investigation, Robert Morris. That night, over wine and *filet mignon*, the five worked out a plan for the defeat of Tydings.

A few days later, McCarthy hurried over to the downtown office of the powerful young newspaper editor, Mrs. Ruth McCormick ("Bazy") Miller, chief of the Washington *Times-Herald* and niece of the publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, Colonel Robert McCormick. Mrs. Miller agreed to help out in Maryland, and as a starter recommended hiring a high-priced Chicago press agent by the name of Jon Jonkel for the job of Butler's campaign manager. This was done in the face of a Maryland law prohibiting the use of out-of-state campaign managers.

As the campaign progressed, it became apparent that the only thing being furnished by Butler was his name.

Joe and "Bazy" were the brains of the team that turned the trick. When Joe asked for *Times-Herald* assistance in compiling and printing half a million copies of a tabloid newspaper attacking Tydings, "Bazy" agreed at once and, for the record, quoted a price that was far below that which regular job printers were able to charge. "Bazy" turned the job over to her chief editorial writer, Frank M. Smith, who became Butler's assistant after the election. Smith testified before the special sub-committee later investigating the Maryland campaign that McCarthy's office had supplied much of the written material for the pamphlet, but that the *Times-Herald* had provided the pictures.

These pictures included the now-famous fake photograph, which showed ex-Communist Chief Earl Browder and Senator Tydings in friendly conversation. To accomplish this photographic magic, the *Times-Herald* art department had taken an old picture of Browder and another of Tydings, put them together, and rephotographed the composite. Beneath the picture was the caption:

Communist leader Earl Browder, shown at left in this composite picture, was a star witness at the Tydings committee hearings, and was cajoled into saying Owen Lattimore and others accused of disloyalty were not Communists. Tydings (right) answered, "Oh, thank you, sir". Browder testified in the best interests of those accused, naturally.

Many voters who read the tabloid did not catch the significance of the word "composite"; many who did understand

International

SENATOR McCARTHY with his sharp-tongued secretary, Jean Kerr, now his wife.

the word did not read the complete caption and thereby learn that the picture was a phoney.

THE pattern of Joe McCarthy's career showed a dogged dependence upon tried-and-true techniques — the methods which had paid off for Joe in the past. He always returned to them; and he returned to them in the Maryland election.

This became evident after the campaign got under way. All over Maryland, mailmen were struggling under the added load of tens of thousands of postcards—hand-written, "signed" by the candidate, John Marshall Butler. Half a million postcards went out to a carefully selected list of doubtful voters. This would have been enough to give Butler acute writer's cramp; but the cards were written and "signed" by crews of women working almost around the clock—the same technique Joe had used so successfully in Wisconsin.

The contract for this huge project went to William Fedder, a Baltimore printer. His job was to farm out the work, and also to handle the folding, addressing, and distribution of the tabloid. Fedder was snowed under with work; and his pen-women starting losing interest at the pay rate of $15 a thousand cards. When it looked as if Fedder and his crew of women were going to miss the deadline. Candidate Butler jumped in with a helpful spirit and wrote a note to Feduer, designed to buoy up the printer's efforts. It read:

At this time I want to give you my personal assurance that I do guarantee payment for any of your services that have not been paid for at the time the campaign is completed. This assurance applies to materials that have been delivered and to materials that were not shipped in time for use in the campaign.

Sincerely, JOHN MARSHALL BUTLER

Butler didn't know it, but he had written what might have turned into a political suicide note. For by personally guaranteeing to pay Fedder all that he owed him—more than $11,000— Butler was laying himself wide open to charges that he violated Maryland's corrupt-practices law, which limited campaign spending to $5,000 per candidate. It wasn't long before McCarthy's men heard about the note. When they patiently explained to Butler what he had done, the Senatorial candidate wrung his hands in dismay. But McCarthy told him not to worry; his boys would get the letter back.

Two days later the hapless Fedder, according to his sworn testimony, was taken on a midnight ride through Maryland by McCarthy's henchmen, who kept trying to make him hand over the letter.

Fedder said he was allowed to go home at 4 a.m., but only to pick up a $500 check which Surine, leader of the McCarthy group, said the printer owed them. By now trembling with fear, Fedder obeyed the order and came back to the car with the check. "Surine said: 'We're not through with you yet—get back in the car.' And with three men crowding me, I ended up in the back seat again," Fedder testified.

After more aimless driving around, the group stopped at an all-night restaurant where, Fedder said, he signed two statements put before him by Surine. The first concerned work that Fedder was doing for them, and the second, designed to undo the harm of the letter from Butler, stated that Butler owed the printer nothing.

That, at any rate, is the whole story as Fedder told it to the Senate elections sub-committee. Later the three McCarthy assistants, one by one, denied the charges, insisting that they had spent the pre-dawn hours with Fedder picking up postcards from the homes of women who had been addressing and signing them.

The sub-committee noted that there were actually two campaigns in Maryland, explaining:

One was the dignified "front street" campaign conducted by candidate Butler in his speaking coverage of the state and in which that group of responsible citizens of Maryland who differed with candidate Tydings on traditional, historic, and basic beliefs operated on a reasonable, efficient, and decent plane. The other was the despicable "back street" type of campaign, which usually, if exposed in time, backfires.

In this particular case, the "back street" campaign was not exposed until Butler was elected. By then it was too late.

Anyone who knew Joe McCarthy could have anticipated his reaction to the sub-committee report and the scandal that grew out of the campaign. Anyone who knew Joe could sit back and wait for the inevitable—a McCarthy denial and counter-attack from his favorite sounding board, the Senate floor.

It came. Joe said that Butler's campaign was "intelligent and courageous," and that Communists in government had been the

some big issue." "No loyal American is an outsider when it comes to getting rid of Communists," Joe said, apparently by way of explaining his feet-first intrusion into Maryland's affairs. He also bored into his Senatorial accusers: "As long as puny politicians try to encourage other puny politicians to ignore or whitewash communist influences in our government, America will remain in grave danger."

But the Baltimore *Sun* got a different impression from the fact that both Democrats and Republicans had signed the scathing report. The newspaper commented:

This means that Republicans as well as Democrats were ashamed of the tactics which were employed in the campaign. Marylanders, above all others, should share this shame.

But one of the most stunning blows came from within Joe's own church. The distinguished Catholic magazine *The Commonweal* said in a leading editorial on August 17, 1951:

The Congressional sub-committee gave this warning: "Such campaign methods and tactics are destroying our system of free elections and undermining the very foundations of our government."

This, certainly, is a serious charge. It raises some serious questions: If the West Point cadets are to be tried for cheating, why not McCarthy? Has he done less than these cadets to debase the integrity and honesty of our national life?

The issue here is not whether or not Communism must be fought at home: it must. The issue is whether or not we must have the intelligence and the courage to do it in the American way, or whether we will leave the job—and our liberties—to a man who runs along the back streets to do his cheating when he hasn't the stuff it takes to do things the straight and open way.

But Joe remained happily oblivious to such growing criticism. He told the *U.S. News and World Report* in an interview: "I think (the Maryland election) was one of the cleanest campaigns in the country." And with his friends, he took full credit for finishing off the veteran Tydings.

And, logically enough, by 1952 the message was apparent to almost every man in Congress: Buck McCarthy and you're in for trouble. A chill had gone down the back of the legislators. Certainly few had seemed more securely ensconced in their Senate seats than Millard Tydings. Joe got him; *ergo*, Joe could get you, too. To jittery politicians, the logic followed inevitably. And although some doubted it, few were willing to put it to the test.

This is the eighth of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'" written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The last instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

THE IDEA of echo mates undoubtedly sprang from the principle of symmetry. With problems having an entirely symmetrical layout generally resulting in bifurcation of the play, composers soon turned their attention to reducing the easy-solving feature. A perfect example is one from 1902 by J. Hlineny:

White: K on KKt3; Q on KR1; R on Q8; B on Q5; Ps on QR3, QB6, Q2, K6 and KKt2. Black: K on Q5; B on Q6; Ps on QKt3, KB3 and KKt5. Mate in three.

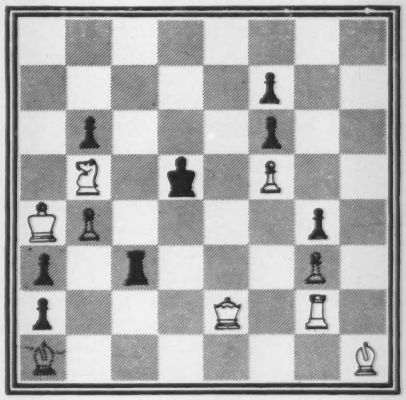
1.Q-Q1, B-K5; 2.Q-R4ch, etc. 1.Q-Q1, B-B5; 2.QxPch, etc. 1.Q-Q1, P-Kt4; 2.Q-Rlch, etc. 1.Q-Q1, P-B4; 2.Q-Ktlch, etc. 1.Q-Q1, K-B4; 2.Q-R4, etc. 1.Q-Q1, K-K4; 2.QxP, etc.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 74

1.R-B3!, threat 2.Q-R4ch!, PxQ; 3.R-B4 mate. 1.R-B3, BxP; 2.P-B3ch, KxKt; 3.R-B6 mate. 1.R-B3, KtxP; 2.R-Q3ch, BxR; 3. P-B3 mate. 1.R-B3, BxR; 2.Q-Rlch, KxP; 3.Kt-K3 mate.

The above solution just presents the model mate lines, If 1 . . . , KxP, then 2.R-B4ch, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 75; by K. Traxler.



White mates in two.

Starting Cold?

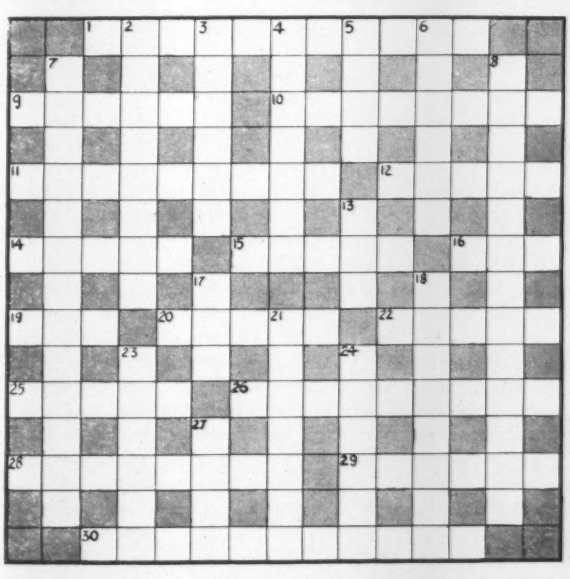
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Derogatory comparison of heaven with hell. (3,3,2,3)
9. In the morn I'd find him hunting. (6)
10. Make the cat run wildly around it. (8)
11. Barely a lad? (9)
12. No parking fees? (5)
14. High spots of the Arabian desert? (5)
15. See 16.
16. 15. How the shepherd might address the newcomers, by the sound of it. (3,5)
19. Animal, but vegetable when 17. (3)
20. Seats for the guttersnipes? (5)
22. Crazy guy to get like this! (5)
25. State taxes? (5)
26. Bull-like quality of McCarthy? (6,3)
28. To make it sustaining, count us in! (8)
29. The composer of Il Trovatore changed just before the end of that opera. (6)
30. Where one should find a well-wisher? (7,4)

DOWN

2. Even insects get time to rest when rattled. (8)
3. There will be no sword fight for a change? Certainly knot! (6)
4. Bottomless was her love? No less! (7)
5. This again is an encore. (4)
6. Get the answer? (6)
7. Being on top of the world is attractive, notwithstanding! (7,6)
8. Is a grass widow, who covets another's husband? (5,4,4)
13. The decline of the author of "Precious Bane"? (3)
17. See 19. (3)
18. Should one hound the poet to write it? (8)
21. Weapon begun when the R.N. became involved. (4,3)
23. Where, if I raise my hat, I go after it. (6)
24. In the bay, perhaps, it blows zero to the west, briefly. (6)
27. A bone to pick with 30? (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Grants
4. Showgirl
10. See 1 down
11. See 23
12. Apt
13. Idiots
14. 23. Mind your business
16. Glasses 18. Sackful
20. Nestles 21. Beseech
23, 11. Business as usual
23, 28. Businessman
26. Tom-tom 29. Dot
30. Toucans 31. Era
32, 23. Strictly business
33. Clasps

DOWN

1, 10, 23. Getting the business
2. Americans
3. Trait
5. Houri
6. Wild ducks
7. Imago
8. Literal 9. Buy
15. Asps 17. Splenetic
18. Sobs 19. Fleetness
20, 23. Nobody's business
22, 23. He means business
24. Satyr
25. Skull
27. Ousel
28. See 23

(323)

Films

Blithe Spirit

By Mary Lowrey Ross

PRODUCER Joe Pasternak believes from the bottom of his heart that you can never have too much of a good thing. Give him a story of romantic youth, CinemaScope, a standard musical score, free access to the costume and property departments, a whopping budget and nothing can stay his hand. All by himself he is the too many cooks who spoil the broth. Anything he can add to a big production he will add. Anything that restrains him, such as taste and a reasonable respect for standard, if second-rate, tradition, he exuberantly tosses into the sink. Up to a point one can't help admiring his excitable and warm-hearted temperament. In *The Student Prince* the point came when he threw in an extra number "I'll Walk With God" and had it sung over the corpse of Emperor Louis Calhern. This was going a little far, even for Producer Pasternak.

Since Mr. Pasternak was unable to resist long-drawn-out court scenes, three extra musical numbers and the special comedy of S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall, the screen version of *The Student Prince* runs for nearly two hours, and seems longer. The tuneful old Romberg songs and choruses are, of course, all on hand, and these are as agreeable as ever. Ann Blyth plays Cathy, the distracting Heidelberg barmaid, and Edmund Purdom, a handsome wooden image of a prince, is cast as Karl. Mario Lanza, no longer slim enough for a profession whose players have to be weighed in as carefully as jockeys, does the hero's singing for him on the sound-track. He sounded, as usual, more than adequate.

IT IS ONLY necessary to imagine Bob Hope or Red Skelton in *Knock on Wood* to realize how much we and the screen owe to Danny Kaye.

Most screen comedians depend on interlocking situations, mechanically operated. Danny depends almost entirely on his own volatility and charm. With Bob Hope especially, one is always conscious of watchful metronomic timing. But timing was something that Danny Kaye learned once and forever on the Catskill circuit, and can now afford to forget in the higher excitements of clowning. Either Hope or Skelton, cast in the role played here by Danny Kaye, would have drawn their laughter competently from routine. Danny Kaye's comedy is largely a matter of kicking routine out of the way and taking off in flamboyant flights of his own.

Unfortunately even Comedian Kaye can do comparatively little with the early sequences of *Knock on Wood*. The star is cast here as an emotionally distracted ventriloquist, and this involves him in one of those psychoanalytical screen sessions that long ago ceased to interest anyone except screen writers. The story up to this point is largely toneless recitative, with no opportunity for the special solo flights in which Comedian Kaye excels.

Things pick up, however, when he becomes the suspected victim of an international spy-ring. This, too, is old stuff, but it sets Danny in motion and leaves him to his own improvisations, which is all that matters. The chaotic events that

Paramount

DANNY KAYE: Distracted parakeet.

follow are enough to compensate for everything that went before: Danny taking refuge in a car-salesroom and attempting to demonstrate a demoniac British sports model with seats that rise and collapse and doors that open and shut like the gills of a fish; a Gaelic re-union in a saloon, with Danny as impromptu guest-conductor of a banshee-number entitled "Monahan Ahan"; a definitive ballet climax with the comedian zooming like a distracted parakeet over the heads of the dazed performers.

There is hardly a situation in the script of *Knock on Wood* that isn't dog-eared from patient handling. Even the dialogue derives from venerable sources ("What did you think of the Himalayas?" . . . "Loved him. Hated her."). But Danny tears into his role like a famished man turning leftovers into a banquet. His enjoyment is so high that any discussion of what he might do with better material seems beside the point.

In *The Flame and the Flesh*, Lana Turner is cast as an Italian siren on the loose in Naples. She couldn't look more sturdily American.

Early in the story Lana moves in with a couple of Italian musicians. One (Bonar Colleano) is a 'cellist, the other (Carlos Thompson), is a singer, and both are soon madly in love with their guest. This peculiar design for living isn't greatly clarified by the dialogue. As Lana put it to a visitor, "I don't exactly live here and I don't exactly work here". I guess you'd call her a receptionist.

The 'cellist wants to marry Lana, but it is the singer she has her eye on. This is unfortunate because Singer Thompson is about to marry a nice Neapolitan girl (Pier Angeli). You know that Pier is a nice girl because she widens her eyes when she is in trouble, whereas Lana just bats hers and goes out to look for more trouble. She finds plenty, being as unscrupulous as a Black Widow spider.

Lana Turner works hard at being irresistible, and Carlos Thompson goes through his vicissitudes with wooden anguish. Bonar Colleano is brisk but foolish and poor Pier Angeli seems merely confused.

ALL the faces in *New Faces* are new, the dancing is spirited, the comedy is distinguished chiefly by sheer bounce. Without Eartha Kitt it might be any one of the shows that talented and energetic young people force into quick bloom on Broadway. But Eartha Kitt, as often as she appears, makes it seem phenomenal.

Miss Kitt dances, glides, and chants in a hoarse remote voice. Her gaiety, when it comes, is a curious animal gaiety, and occasionally she bares all her teeth in an alarming snarl. She is said to be able to purr like a cat, and it seems quite possible. No press agent has come forward so far with the claim that she spends her early morning hours stalking robins on the lawn, but even that wouldn't be inconceivable, for anything more impressively feline than Miss Kitt it is impossible to imagine. Everything she does is effortless and unerring, and everything suggests that all the time she is leading an interior life of her own, quite apart from any audience.

Inevitably Eartha Kitt seems rather isolated and exotic in such a candid romp as *New Faces*. The cast includes Robert Clary, June Carroll, Ronny Graham and Alice Ghostley, and while these are gifted young people, their talents lie along familiar lines.

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

Television

The Looking-Glass

By Hugh Garner

THE SOAP OPERA, that hardy radio perennial, has had its tear-stained nose pushed out of television by the family comedy, a piece of light-hearted froth that can be caught in various disguises almost any night of the week and on almost any network. The basic format of these shows is a stupid husband or wife, a sensible, long-suffering spouse, and a neighbor or pair of them to act as the foils for the daffy doings of the principals. Besides offering light entertainment for millions of televiewers, these shows have served to save from limbo such erstwhile movie has-beens as Joan Davis, Lucille Ball and William Bendix. Ozzie Nelson has gone a step further than most and has brought his whole family into the act, wife Harriet (who used to be his female vocalist when he was an undistinguished band leader) and his two sons.

What is the appeal of these family capers to the great unseen audiences that man the front of the television screens when these programs appear? Being free, white and twenty-one, and having a sturdy bedroom door to hide behind at such times, I can't answer my own question with any certainty, but here are my observations, for what they're worth.

Ozzie and Harriet, I Love Lucy, I Married Joan, The Life of Riley, and other such presentations, appeal mainly to a female audience. They offer to the homebound housewife a wonderful opportunity to peek into somebody else's house, and into the domestic affairs there, without typing herself as Lena Pry. Whenever Lucy subjects Desi to a defeat of sorts, whenever Joan extricates herself from a silly situation, whenever Harriet saves Ozzie from his own folly, a million feminine viewers share vicariously in the victory.

Besides this emotional oneness with the television wives, the wives in the audience get a heaven-sent opportunity to compare their homes with the *papier mâché* interior sets through which most of the action of such programs evolves. There are no statistics to show the number of homes that have installed an all-electric kitchen such as Joan Davis has, or the number of wives who have nagged their husbands to place a casement window between the kitchen and living-room in *their* house, as Lucille Ball has in her apartment, but the numbers must be considerable. One thing all the TV family living-rooms have in

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The Painful Mile...

Asked why he climbed Mt. Everest Sir Edmund Hillary is reported to have replied, "Because it's there."

Sir Edmund's statement reminds us of an "escape" story of World War II. There were three young soldiers in a prisoner of war camp in Africa and two of them had climbed mountains as a hobby. The camp was on a hot arid plain, almost a desert, and off in the distance there was a mountain. Like all prisoners the young men dreamed of freedom. But the nearest friendly lines were over a thousand miles away, so they transferred all their thoughts to one thing . . . to escape in order to climb that wonderful mountain.

After months of ingenious, secretive effort they had fashioned their climbing equipment, and one night escaped. They walked and walked, painful mile after painful mile over some of the worst country imaginable, but they reached their mountain... and climbed it too.

To reach friendly lines was impossible . . . but just to give themselves up didn't seem a fitting end to their adventure. So they walked all the way back to the camp. They arrived at night . . . "escaped back in," . . . and the next morning with complete nonchalance reported for roll call.

They had a goal and they made it.

In this business of investing too it's a good idea to have a goal . . . not only a goal but a guide. That's where we come in. There is no need for you to make the mile painful. Here you will find friendly experienced people to help you.

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common (with the exception of Jackie Gleason's *Honeymooners* set) is a sofa placed in the middle of the floor rather than against a wall. This may set up a trend, and force the sofa manufacturers to make the backs of their products as attractive as the fronts.

Whenever Lucille Ball fries an egg or Riley's wife clears away the supper dishes, a hundred thousand women in their audiences say to themselves, "Why, they're just the same as I am," and for a brief moment or two they are elevated out of the humdrum of existence with the knowledge that they are not alone, unloved, unhonored and unsung.

Perhaps we should overlook such obvious exaggerations as having Riley (a welder) live in a house that not many professional men could afford, or the fact that Joan's husband (a judge) would, in real life, grant himself a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty. Perhaps, too, we are only carping when we believe that these mismatched television marriages would have ended up in murder a week or two after the honeymoon was over. Perhaps their exaggerations are a distorted picture of most marriages today, and the feminine audience, by shutting one collective eye, can bring them into a focus approximating their own lives.

If Riley is a bumbling fool whose anguish and remorse can be soothed by his wife's tact and understanding, might it not be a reflection of most wives' views of their husbands? And if Joan's silly situations end with a forgiving kiss from her unruffled spouse, might this not be a projected wish-fulfillment on the part of scores of wives whose peccadillos meet with snarls and recriminations? And if Harriet Nelson picks up the pieces of Ozzie's shenanigans and steers the household back on to its straight and narrow track, mightn't this be the picture that most housewives have of themselves? And if a wifely comedienne does all the zany things shown on TV, might not every little downtrodden wife in the audience share with her in her flouting of convention? We think so.

The phenomenal success of *I Love Lucy*, and the less spectacular but respectable ratings of the other leading family comedies, have started a gold rush to these lush fields on the part of second-class Johnnie-come-latelies. Next winter there will be many more such programs than there are now, some of which will die a quick death and others that will haunt us until spring. A fan magazine carried a story recently that Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were on the verge of breaking up until *I Love Lucy* came along to confront them with one ridiculous marriage problem after another. Since then, says the story, they have learned to laugh things off.

Maybe the imaginary situations that these television families find themselves in have had a like effect on many real marriages on this side of the television screen. If they have, they have fulfilled one function that is praiseworthy. Besides which, they amuse a great number of people and make them laugh. This may well be the main basis of their appeal after all.

Miller Services
LUCILLE BALL: Started a gold rush.

•

After Its Kind

Well, we shall see now how this burning love
survives the Sunday roasts; the weekly walk
down a dead street to the familiar shrine;
miasmic waves
from the spilled formula; the Monday wash
forever and forever and forever.

Somebody cheated. Somebody made a shining
bauble of the ovum fertilized,
a golden calf. And you bowed with the rest.
Not from zeal to guarantee posterity; not from an altruistic urge
to oil wheels that function anyway.

I weep for you. You only saw the gleam
so bright a blindness limited your gaze.
The lonely nights are lonelier for those
once loved. An infant's cry expands
rooms without other arms and gentle lips.
But go or stay, the fallen Romeo
is definitely fallen with his horse,
and all the incandescence of his shield
dulls as the tired, tarnished coffee pot.

I see you pause before you draw the shade,
a question, darling, in your wistful eyes,
unanswerable and inconsolable.
You stand and wait before a silent God,
a dupe of nature and the species tool.

M. E. DREW

Business

Tobacco: The Economics Of a National Habit

By HARRY G. BOWLEY

CANADA NOW PRODUCES and consumes close to a million miles of cigarettes in a year. Cut into two-and-seven-eighths-inch lengths, this gave a total for 1953 of 21,001,492,000 cigarettes—nearly five a day for every adult man and woman in the country—with a total value of $289,-159,043.

The Canadian fondness for the leaf of *Nicotiana tabacum* supports an important segment of the national economy. It means a livelihood for some 300,000 Canadians — growers and processers of tobacco, manufacturers of cigarettes, cigars, chewing tobacco and snuff, producers of paper, cardboard, and tinfoil, and those who provide ashtrays, lighters, matches, pipe cleaners and other odds and ends.

It means, also, a satisfied glint in the eye of the Receiver General, whose take from all this business is higher than anyone else's.

Practically all the tobacco smoked in Canada is grown here, about 95 per cent of it in Ontario. Tobacco processing and packing employs some 1,700 people on a seasonal basis, the employment peak occurring in January and the low point in April. Latest available figures show that conversion of the leaf into usable forms took place in 47 establishments, 33 of them in Quebec province. Of the 47 factories, 11 accounted for more than 98 per cent of total production.

Of the various tobacco products, cigarettes are easily the most popular. For every dollar spent on cigarettes, about 27c is spent on smoking tobacco, 5c on cigars, 1c on chewing tobacco, and ¾c on snuff. It is interesting to see how the relative popularity of some of these products has fared over the years. Cigarette smoking in 1953 reached a new high, and it was up 300 per cent over the 1929 figure—an increase that can be attributed only in very small part to population growth.

Cigarette manufacturers operate in a highly competitive atmosphere, and they are quite tight-lipped about production figures. There is no doubt, however, that the bulk of the cigarette business goes to three firms: Imperial Tobacco Company Limited, Macdonald Tobacco Incorporated, and Rock City Tobacco Company, Limited.

But whatever name the leading brand may carry, it is invariably a straight Virginia cigarette, and so are the chief runners-up. Most Canadians do not take kindly to any tampering with their cigarette tobacco. Brands with menthol or flavoring added sell poorly, and so do the so-called blended cigarettes; a tobacco company official estimates that blends and menthols together account for only five per cent of cigarette sales. The market for cork tips is small, too, and restricted almost entirely to women smokers.

Incidentally, what most people think of as the distinctive taste of a blended cigarette is actually due more to the addition of flavorings than to the blend of tobaccos. There are blends on the market which entirely lack this distinctive taste. Even the word "blend" as used in the trade is an ambiguous term. It distinguishes a mixture of Virginia, Burley and Turkish from a straight Virginia cigarette, but the fact remains that the latter is itself a blend of as many as three or four dozen varieties of tobacco.

It seems strange that Canadians and Americans, whose tastes are closely parallel in so many respects, should diverge so widely in their cigarette preferences. In the United States, nearly all the cigarettes sold are blends with added flavoring. Years ago, things were different in both countries. Before World War I, cigarettes containing only pure Turkish tobacco were best sellers on both sides of the line. Then the Americans began mixing their own home-grown tobaccos with the Turkish, and eventually evolved the type of cigarette most popular there today. In Canada the pendulum swung all the way, perhaps influenced by the English preference for straight Virginia.

There is an almost startling difference, too, between Canadian and American cigarette advertising. Canadian firms do not go in for the flamboyant claims, the pseudo-medical appeals that characterize American cigarette ads. This is apparently a mutually accepted convention in the industry here, not a matter of government regulation.

Canadians, habitually disposed to regard their cigarettes as neither a treat, a treatment, or anything else except a smoke, have reacted much more calmly than Americans to recent charges by some doctors that there is a connection between smoking and lung cancer. The charges, still regarded in most quarters as unproven, made sensational copy for large segments of the American press and put a sizable dent in American cigarette consumption, while U.S. advertising suggested that the industry itself was in something of a flap. No comparable decline in consumption occurred in Canada, and manufacturers here are playing a cautious

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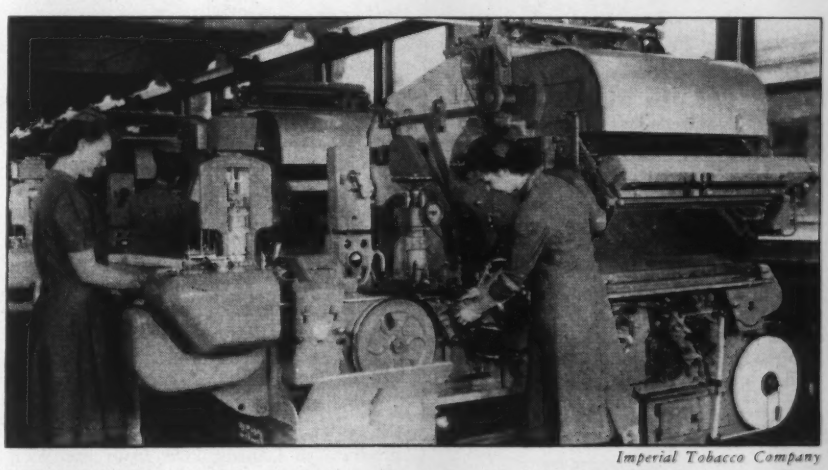
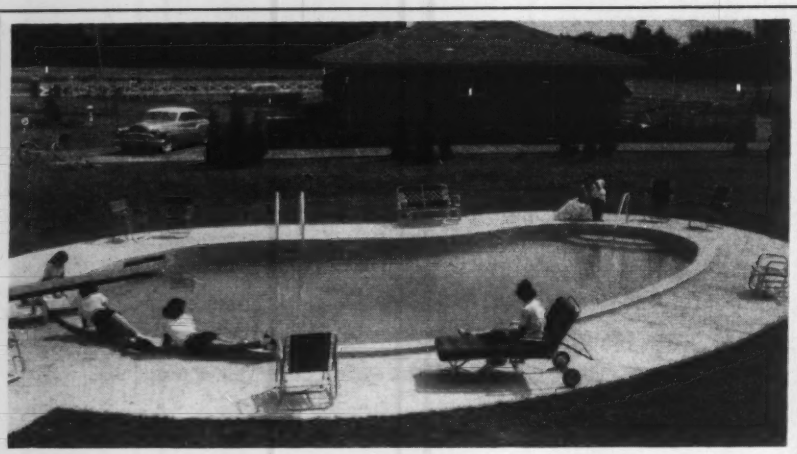


Imperial Tobacco Company

MASS PRODUCTION: Machines make a running 2-foot length of cigarette, lopping off the end to make 1,200 cigarettes a minute.



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ANSCO OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

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NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of Seventy-five Cents (75c) per share, Canadian Funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable September 15th to Shareholders of record August 13th, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario.
July 5th, 1954.

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Power Corporation

I BOUGHT *stock in Power Corporation some years ago at about $15 per share. I have thought of this as an investment but am wondering if I should take my profit on this stock. I would appreciate your advice.—S. W., Montreal.*

The long advance in the price of this stock from the 1941 low of 2 to the recent high of 40 has seemingly taken full measure of the prospects of this company. In May of this year and in the same month of 1953, considerable selling has appeared to block upward progress.

Like a good many other stocks, the barrier provided by the 5 per cent yield point, which is 40 on the present dividend of $2.00, has proved difficult to overcome.

In view of the present altitude of the market, with the Dow-Jones Averages at their highest level since 1929, it would appear good tactics to switch into a high grade preferred issue of approximately equal yield to safeguard your capital gain while maintaining income and income tax credits.

An opportunity to do this will be provided by the new issue of 4½ per cent, cumulative, redeemable first preferred shares that Power Corp. shareholders will vote on at a meeting July 23. If these can be obtained at the par of $50.00, the ½ point difference in yield would seem cheap insurance to pay for greater safety of capital.

Interprovincial Pipe

WOULD YOU PLEASE *comment on the advisability of an investment in Interprovincial Pipe Lines for, say, a five-year hold?—G. S., Toronto.*

Interprovincial Pipe Line Co. owns and operates the longest crude oil pipeline in the world. This line stretches 1,770 miles from Redwater, Alberta to Sarnia, Ontario and is delivering approximately 2.6 million barrels of crude oil per month from the Western oil fields. From that point, two products lines deliver refinery output into the Toronto area. For comparison, some 5 million barrels of crude oil per month are delivered to Montreal through the Portland-Montreal pipeline and a considerable percentage of this oil is delivered as refined products through a line to Toronto.

It can be seen from this that Toronto is the centre line of price competition for oil products in Canada. Oil from the West must meet the competition of crudes shipped from various points, such as South America and the Middle East, to Montreal. In addition to this, the world prices of crude oils and products are governed by the prices posted at ports along the Caribbean Gulf. Weak gasoline prices there are threatening a cut in crude prices. With demand for Western crudes thus regulated by the world market, it is evident that any major expansion in demand for oil crudes in the Eastern Canada market is conditioned exactly to the price and flow of crude oil throughout the world. Were Western crude oil prices to be cut to a point where it would be economical and profitable to extend the line to the Montreal refineries, then an appreciable gain in flow would be possible. The differential in price would have to be considerable, however, as the major refineries have sources and transport facilities that could not be completely neglected.

Assuming that Interprovincial, with an extension to Montreal, could capture one-half of the available market, a flow of 5 million barrels per month, approximately double the present rate of flow, seems possible. To achieve it would call for a further large increase in the funded debt position which now stands at some $160 million or the issue of an appreciable quantity of common stock.

Because of the peculiar nature of tax laws, especially in the United States, pipelines are traditionally financed with a far greater proportion of funded debt to common stock than is normal for business in general. The usual relationship of funded debt to working capital is a ratio of 1 to 1. An excess of funded debt above this point is generally considered a danger signal in general business operation and financial statement analysis. At the end of 1953 Interprovincial had $130,734,943 of funded debt, from which can be deducted $486,000 of Series "B" bonds redeemed and the sum increased by the $30 million of Series "D" bonds issued last April against a working capital position of $17,760,102.

For 1953 the interest on the funded debt cost $2,546,557 of the net earnings of $13,265,023 which, after interest charges, depreciation and taxes, left a net profit of $4,433,500 or 88 cents per share. From this was paid a dividend of 15 cents.

With such a minor dividend, the yield on this stock is so small as to hardly classify it as an investment. After all, an investment is classified as something upon which a reasonable, safe return is paid for the money ventured. At the present price of 25¾, this makes the stock much

more of a subject for speculative trading than for investment—especially so when it is difficult to see where an increase in the dividend, sufficient to warrant the present price, is forthcoming.

Taking the speculative view, the stock in 1953 fluctuated between a low of 17¾ and a high of 29⅝ and in 1954 between a low of 20¾ and a high of 27¼. From the chart pattern it appears that upward progress above 26 will be subject to the limitations of heavy selling from those caught at earlier highs and at the present time, as an investment, the attractions of this stock would seem to be secondary to those of a high grade preferred—more so, when the price of the stock is considered against the record highs being posted in the New York market averages.

Crowshore Patricia

I WOULD appreciate your thoughts on Crowshore Patricia. Do you thing it is worth holding or should I sell out and get from under?—J. M., Yarmouth, NS.

About the only piece of news that has been seen on this stock of late has been a modest underwriting of 200,000 shares at 10 cents. Nothing has been heard for months of any activity on the prospects held in the Bathurst or Lake Athabaska areas.

As the entire capitalization will have been issued when the optioned stock is marketed, the possibility of an advance after that appears very slight.

Should the stock be run up a few cents in the process of marketing, it would appear to be a sale.

O'Leary Malartic

I HAVE 2,000 shares of O'Leary Malartic which I have held for some time. A while ago it was 25 cents but lately it does not seem to do better than around 15. Would you advise me to hold this or sell and put the money in something else?—J. D. C., Pembroke, Ont.

O'Leary has been around for a long time, being incorporated in 1928, and holds a number of properties ranging from uranium around North Bay to base metals in the Bathurst area. In addition, it holds shares in a number of mining companies.

The most recent activity reported has been the staking of a uranium prospect in the Maniwaki Lake area of Quebec, and some other properties in the Abitibi and Gatineau districts.

Since 1946 the stock has traded between a low of 10 and a high of 29, with this year's trading confined to a range of 14-18¼. If exploration of the properties turns up anything before the $72,000 cash reported in the treasury at the end of 1953 is expended, it just might go up a little. For a real move, it would be necessary for an underwriter to attempt to market

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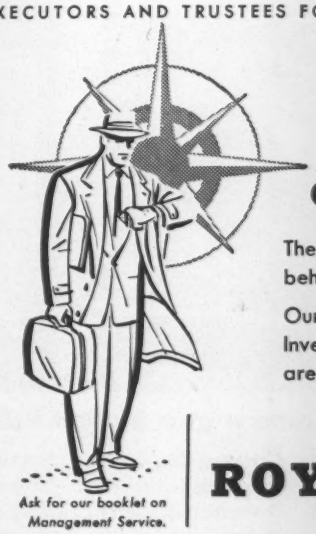

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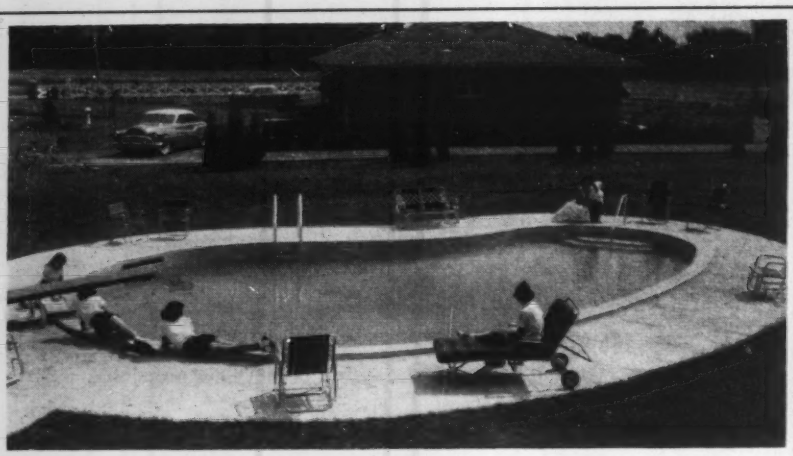

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Tobacco

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

wait-and-see game. This does not mean *laissez faire;* last March the industry donated $100,000 to the National Cancer Institute of Canada to finance research into problems connected with lung cancer.

An odd quirk in the tax schedules on cigarettes accounts for still another difference between Canada and the U.S. Extra-long cigarettes, known as "king size", are not manufactured here. American firms can put as much as three pounds of tobacco in a thousand cigarettes without any change in the applicable tax rate. In Canada, anything more than 2½ pounds per thousand puts the cigarettes into a higher tax bracket.

Speaking of taxes, it is no secret that tobacco products are the tax-collector's special pride and joy. Federal tax on a package of 20 cigarettes is within a minute fraction of 18c, eight cents of which was imposed during World War II. The U.S. federal tax on a package of 20 is eight cents. Imperial Tobacco Company, which is probably Canada's biggest individual taxpayer, remarked in its last annual report that as long as this situation continues, "there will be hundreds of millions of cigarettes made in the United States crossing the border into Canada without payment of Canadian Excise".

The industry maintains that further tax reductions would, by stimulating sales, have little or no effect on government revenues, and would at the same time virtually wipe out the traffic in smuggled American cigarettes and put the Canadian industry on a firmer footing. This argument seems to be borne out by official figures, which show insignificant loss to the government in excise revenue since April, 1952, despite excise tax reductions.

On top of the federal tax, there are, of course, various provincial taxes, ranging up to Quebec's 4c a package. Manufacturers point out that what is left, after materials, labor and distribution are paid for, adds up to precious little profit. And that profit must be shared in most instances among manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer. It is a business that depends, more than most, on prodigiously high turnover.

Latest figures (1952) on the manufacturing industry show a payroll of over $22 million paid to 7,587 employees. Cost of materials, including containers, was over $73 million—$55.3 million of this for domestic raw leaf tobacco. About $9 million went for containers of various kinds—cardboard, metal, and wood; $1.7 million for lead, tin and aluminum foil; over $1.3 million for cellophane; and over $1.1 million for cigarette paper. Comparatively minor costs were fuel, at $226,723, and electricity at $164,651.

Canadian exports of all tobacco products, both manufactured and unmanufactured, stood in 1953 at over $16.2 million, or about three times the value of imports.

women

A NECKLACE STRAP *that should start a trend is this one worn by Greta Gynt, in the movie,* Forbidden Cargo, *released by the J. Arthur Rank Organization. Decorative and provocative, the necklace strap is actually leaves and flowers of black velvet, encrusted with jet, outlined with silver thread, and decorated with dew-drop crystals.*

Conversation Pieces:

MERMAID Tavern note: A Shakespeare lover, arriving in Stratford for the Festival, put up at one of the town's improvised tourist homes. Since he had had a long hot drive, he ventured downstairs presently to ask for a few ice-cubes. "Anything to go with it?" his host asked vigilantly. "Just a little rye," the guest admitted. The host hurried away and came back presently with the ice-cubes and a bottle. "Better make it Scotch," he said.

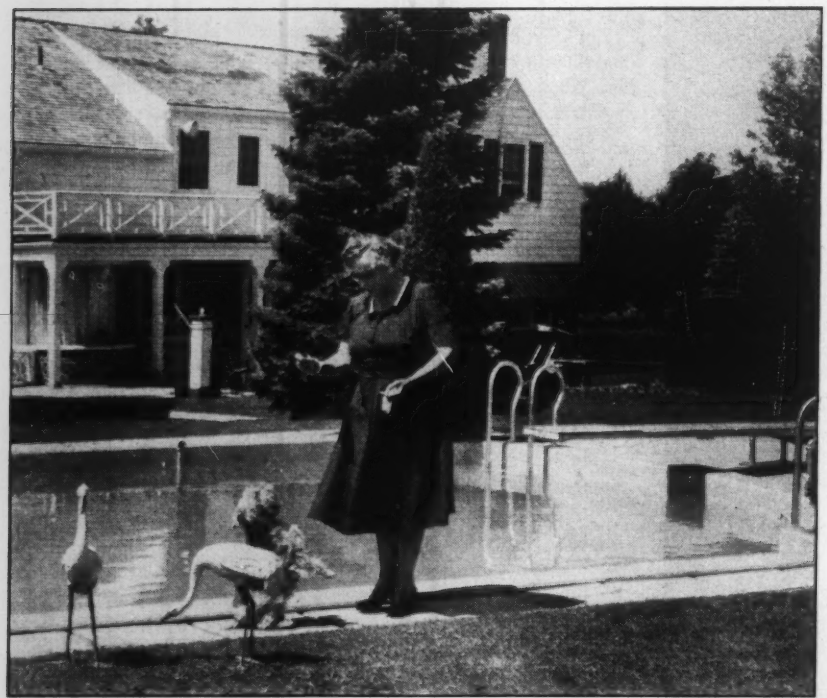
A male correspondent, doubtless exacerbated by the heat, writes to point out the seasonal absurdities of women's clothes—the toeless shoes, the strapless bras, the bottomless pyjamas, the shoulderless, midriffless blouses. These phenomena may be seasonal, but few women will admit they are absurd, since all the items listed have been shed in the interest of comfort. May we, at the risk of administering an elbowless dig in the correspondent's ribless sensibilities, inquire what his sex has shed to celebrate the dog-days? Where are the liningless coats, or even the coatless suits? Where is the tieless, collarless shirt, the padless shoulder, the hoseless sandal? Or would these sensible eliminations leave him too warm with embarrassment to profit by the comfort?

Chivalry and courtesy usually go hand in hand. They met head on recently, however, in an encounter between a visiting Tennessee gentleman and Ottawa's mayor, Miss Charlotte Whitton. The visitor, Editor John Finney, was a guest of the city, and local courtesy demanded that he enter the civic car ahead of Her Worship. Southern chivalry, on the other hand, made it impossible for him to do anything of the sort. While Mr. Finney was mulling over his problem, Mayor Whitton handed him into the car and then climbed in herself. "This is the first time a citizen of Tennessee has ever entered a car ahead of a lady," the visitor said later. It may also have been the first time he ever encountered a lady as decisive as Mayor Whitton.

Since this is the thunder-storm season, a high voltage expert of the National Research Council has issued a few statements on the subject of lightning. It seems that most of the popular warnings against lightning exposure are based on fact, while many of the more comforting superstitions about lightning are entirely misleading. For instance:
Don't take refuge under a tree during a thunder-storm, particularly under a tree that has previously been struck by lightning, which frequently strikes twice in the same place.
Don't go near any electrical equipment while the lightning plays. The arrestors provided to divert lightning sometimes fail to work. On the other hand, lightning can be trusted to work the first crack out of the box.
Don't crawl under the bed. Bedsprings are natural conductors. (If you survive lightning stroke, you may come out stencilled all over with the pattern of your inner coil springs.)
Don't answer the telephone. You can afford to worry about who called you up. Worry isn't so damaging as lightning stroke.
If you are caught boating during a storm, ship oars and lie flat on the boat's bottom. Under the circumstances it is restful to go over the list of people you know who have ever been struck by lightning. This may give you confidence and if it does, don't crowd your luck by standing up.

FRANCES *Denney (l) and Mrs. Reinhold (Angela) Lang on the terrace of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hamblin, Kitchener.*

Gardens: Small, Medium and Large



DURING Centennial Week in Kitchener, SATURDAY NIGHT toured three of the city's lovely gardens, under the guidance of Angela Lang (who is listed by *Liberty* as one of Canada's ten best dressed women) and Frances Denney, women's editor of the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

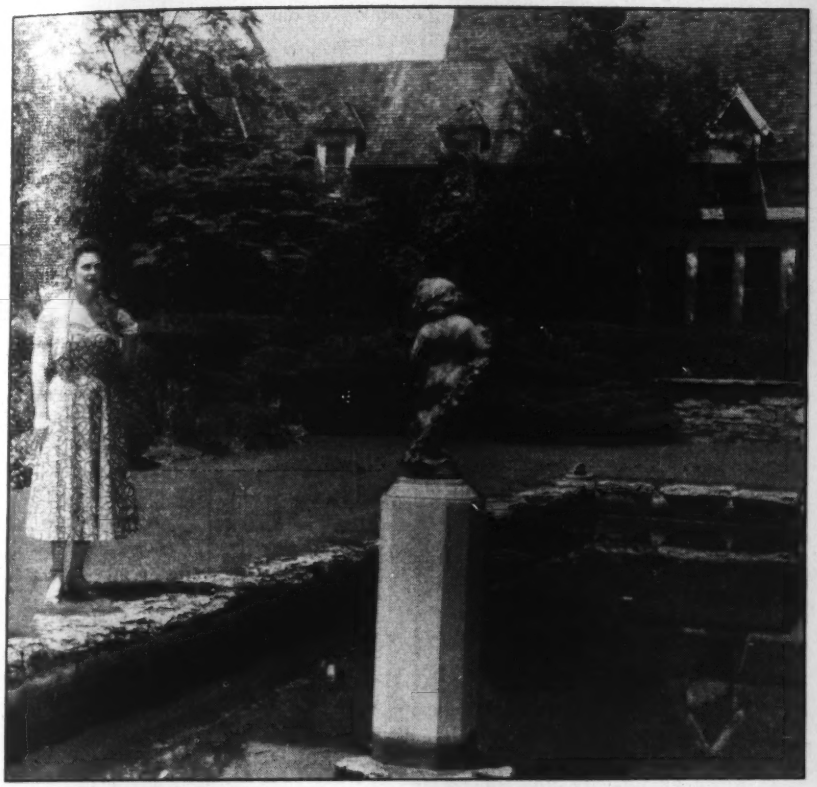
A few miles out is "Chicopee", the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Kenneth Sims. Set on 70 acres of high rolling land that overlooks the Grand River, the house is almost as old as Kitchener itself. Formal gardens and a grass terrace at the rear of the house add charm to the rural setting.

At the other end of the city is "Leacrest", the modern brick and frame home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Smith. Mr. Smith is a former member of the Ontario parliament. Here, side by side, are formal gardens and a swimming pool.

Lastly, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hamblin, whose small garden won a cup recently for the best showing in its class in Kitchener and district.

TWO VIEWS *of the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Smith, Kitchener, Ont. Above, Mrs. Smith at the swimming pool; right, Frances Denney, Mrs. Smith and Angela Lang in the formal garden.*

Photos: Ray Hebert



MRS. J. KENNETH SIMS, *Kitchener, Ont., beside the pool in her formal garden. Below, on the grass terrace at the rear of the house, are Angela Lang, Mrs. Sims and Frances Denney, women's editor of the* Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

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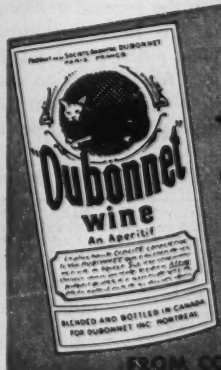

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Letters

A National Hero

Morris Bishop's interesting article on "Canada; Land Without a National Hero," inclines to the belief that England's national hero is Nelson, or possibly Queen Victoria. It occurs to me to go back many centuries earlier, and consider the claims of Alfred the Great; better still, Alfred the Truthteller, for he had the supreme quality of truth—the epithet Great is both vapid and prostituted. He was a true king, the guide, leader and father of his people. His counsellors were the ancestors of the British Parliament; his flotilla of galleys the foundation of the Royal Navy; his casual levies he formed into an army, and to him may rightfully be attributed the very start of education in England, and he founded the London as we know it today.

Toronto THOMAS H. LANT

I DISAGREE entirely with Mr. Bishop's choice for a National Hero—Samuel de Champlain.

We know too much about Champlain. For a really effective National Hero you must choose one that we only have a glimmering of, so we can fill in the rest—the myth—ourselves . . .

If you choose Champlain, there will be all kinds of arguments, whereas if you make one up, who is there to argue? The truth is never agreeable and the same to all . . .

Niagara Falls, Ont. W. C. BARRATT

Unifying Force

FOR SOME MONTHS I have felt an urge to write you to protest against the dull, McCarthy-like monotony of your attacks on the CBC. This time I have decided to say what I think, in case you don't know how bored many of your readers have become with a national magazine which reflects less and less of national feeling.

The CBC has been the greatest unifying force in Canadian life in our cultural history. It is one place where the thoughtful Canadian can turn for information and entertainment without having to fight his way through advertising, vocal and printed. . .

The history of the National Film Board and of the CBC will parallel the histories of the Dominion Observatory, the National Gallery, the Archives of Canada, the National Museum, the Geological survey and a host of other projects without which this country would be a soulless giant. I know as well as anyone in this country how much the CBC has done to let Canadians have a chance to know their own story, their own power and their own responsibilities. . .

Markham, Ont. BLODWEN DAVIES

Good Canadians

YOUR correspondent, Roger Alleyn, Jr., gave cheers for Mrs. A. B. Marshall. I would like to give Bronx Cheers to Junior Alleyn, and at the same time tell him that we do not want immigrants to this country to become just Canadians. They must, we insist, become Good Canadians.

A good start in this direction we think, would be for Mr. Alleyn to write less and read more, especially the police court proceedings in any of our daily papers, from which he will find that the people who give us the most trouble and cause much additional expense to the taxpayers are not the Jones's or Browns or Smiths, the good Canadians.

Perhaps he will tell us what is so "disgusting" about being British. I find everywhere in Canada Britishers assuming the responsibility of leadership.

Who is forcing the British flag and anthem on anybody? This is surely a very foolish statement when everyone knows that we are free to choose and use any flag or anthem we wish, if we can only make up our minds what it is we want.

Toronto C. HARCOURT-NASH

Of Many Things

I AM appalled at the idea of a "future mode of life in which seeing is not limited by distance . . . but by accepted customs of volition and courtesy" (SATURDAY NIGHT, July 10). The telephone has outmoded courtesy; what this new instrument will do, I cannot bear to think. It is bad enough to be roused from a sound sleep by the ringing of my telephone and to hear the blowsy overtones of some drunk who has the wrong number; must I, in the future, look at his bleary face as well? Heaven forbid!

Edmonton DEREK SHEPHERD

I AM surprised that SATURDAY NIGHT should advocate the return of those people who deserted Canada years ago because things looked better in the U.S. and who now want to come back because Canada seems prosperous. Canada can get along without this kind of fair-weather citizen.

(MRS. R. T.) AGNES BOULTON
Saint John, NB.

YOU DO a great deal of inveighing against drivers who disobey traffic signs, rules and signals. Why aren't you equally firm in you condemnation of pedestrians? Nine out of ten of the accidents on city intersections are due to some pedestrian who reads the sign or looks at the lights and then blatantly ignores them. We need good stiff penalties for that sort of deliberate law-breaking and a police force with the gumption to enforce them.

Ottawa HOWARD SIMPSON

THE DOGMA of the deterrent effect of capital punishment on the incidence of homicide dies hard.

I suggest that those who want to know the factual and statistical side of the question send to the Queen's Printer, Ottawa, for a copy of the printed "Evidence and Prepared Statement with diagrammatic Graphs" submitted to the Joint Parliamentary Committee on Capital Punishment on June 1 and 2 by Professor Thorsten Sellin. . .

Professor Sellin is Chairman of the Department of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, and a world-renowned authority on penology.

Vancouver GARFIELD A. KING

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Seascape

Look through the slanted frames of sunglasses
Into a seascape as remote and menacing
As visions of a harsh Triassic age—
A seascape tempered with forbidding light
That glitters on the mineral blue of water
And outlines sullen clouds with sharp-edged metal.
The pebbles of its shore are flints of malacite,
Meteorite and terra cotta; driftwood ribs
Throw shadows of cast iron; herring gulls
On wings of tin hang rigid in suspended flight.
Off-shore the rock-fast kelp lifts with the ebbing tide
A dark and burnished unreality of copper.
The somnolent bay beyond is ominous as an ocean
Beneath whose depths of indigo an old volcano
Yawns and bides its time.
Whip off the shaded lenses and return
To sunlight, eggshell sands, pale heliotrope of distance!
Horizon-far, a toy-shop schooner sails,
And toy-shop plovers dabble in the shallows.
Our quiet cove is dimpled by a salmon net,
Not broken by a thrashing serpent-monster.
This is our world . . . Let us race the buoyant wind
Over the beach to the iris meadow.

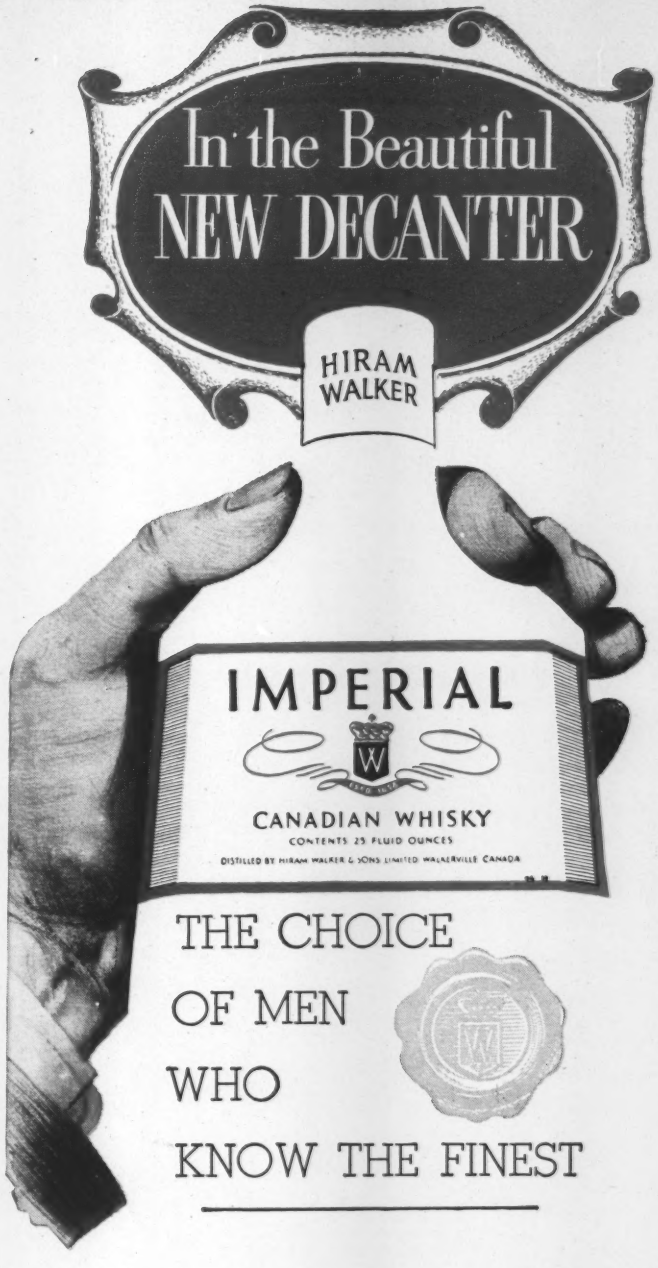
LENORE A. PRATT

•

The Listening Farmer

A particular jolt of the window, not a rattle,
At night, gave him a feeling of warm content;
He'd learned to recognize true talk from tattle—
First rumors of winter gales, and what they meant,
Whether a roustabout wind, or false reporting
Of far away storms; the window gave him the clue,
And he'd hunch himself further down in the bedclothes, courting
The hovering comfort of sleep. No need to do
Anything about pegging the barn door hasps together;
Sometimes a northerly got under and worked them loose,
And they whanged, scaring old Bess in her stall. Weather
Along these blustery shores played the very deuce
With boats and buildings, but he liked that certain jolting
Which meant no harm nor need of tighter bolting.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



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